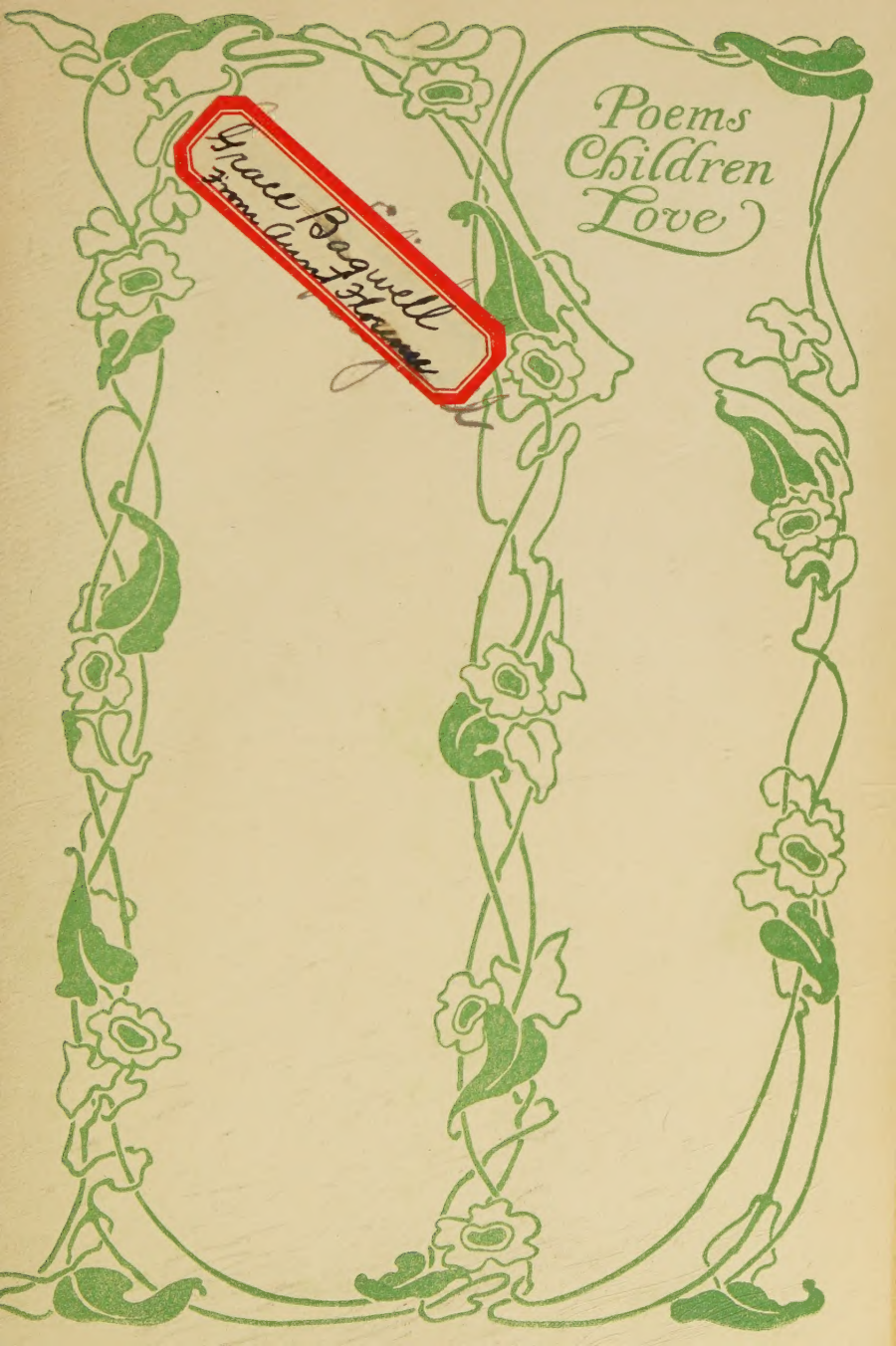
POEMS CHILDREN LOVE

Poems
Children
Love


Grace Bagwell
from Aunt Hannie
Poems
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Love

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But I can wipe the tears away From baby's pretty eyes

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PREFACE

This collection of poems for children, by grouping together those intended for various ages, aims to assist parents and teachers in selecting suitable literature for those of tender years.

Three stages of development are thus provided for, roughly corresponding to the kindergarten, the grammar, and the high schools; the first group taking in those between the ages of three and six, the second those from seven to twelve, and the last all from thirteen to seventeen years old.

Impossible as it is to draw any hard and fast line in these several groups, such is the difference in the temperament and development of the young, nevertheless the arrangement will be found suggestive and stimulating, it is hoped, even in those cases where it appears to be least exact. In any event, the volume opens to children, in an order natural to the unfolding of their intellectual and æsthetic powers, the gates of that most wonderful of human kingdoms, the realm of English poetry.

DEDICATED

With Love and Reverence

TO

MY MOTHER

At whose knee I received my first glimpse of the wonders of literature.

PART ONE

FOR THE TINY TOTS

POEMS
CHILDREN LOVE

A COLLECTION OF POEMS
ARRANGED FOR CHILDREN
AND YOUNG PEOPLE
OF VARIOUS AGES
SELECTED AND
EDITED

BY

PENRHYN W. COUSSENS

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[POEMS CHILDREN LOVE.]

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POEMS CHILDREN LOVE

GENTLE JESUS, MEEK AND MILD.

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Teach me, Lord, to come to Thee.

Fain would I to Thee be brought,
Lamb of God, forbid it not;
In the Kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place.

Charles Wesley.

A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed and warmed and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven!
Bless the friends I love so well!
Take me, when I die, to Heaven;
Happy, there with Thee to dwell.

May Lundie Duncan.

I LOVE LITTLE PUSSY.

I LOVE little pussy.
Her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her,
She'll do me no harm.

So I'll not pull her tail,
Or drive her away,
But pussy and I
Very gently will play.

She will sit by my side,
And I'll give her her food,
And she'll like me because
I am gentle and good.

Anonymous.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE.

TWINKLE, twinkle little star,
How I wonder what you are;
Up above the world, so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveller in the dark,
Thanks you for your tiny spark;
He could not tell which way to go
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle little star.

Jane Taylor.

THE SWING.

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

Robert Louis Stevenson.

MY BED IS A BOAT.

My bed is like a little boat;
Nurse helps me in when I embark;
She girds me in my sailor's coat
And starts me in the dark.

At night, I go on board and say
Good night to all my friends on shore;
I shut my eyes and sail away
And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,
As prudent sailors have to do;
Perhaps a slice of wedding-cake,
Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer;
But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room, beside the pier,
I find my vessel fast.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

A GOOD BOY.

I woke before the morning, I was happy all the day,
I never said an ugly word, but smiled and stuck to play.

And now at last the sun is going down behind the wood,
And I am very happy, for I know that I've been good.

My bed is waiting cool and fresh, with linen smooth and
fair,
And I must off to sleepsin-by, and not forget my prayer.

I know that, till to-morrow I shall see the sun arise,
No ugly dream shall fright my mind, no ugly sight my
eyes.

But slumber hold me tightly till I waken in the dawn,
And hear the thrushes singing in the lilacs round the
lawn.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

PIRATE STORY.

THREE of us afloat in the meadow by the swing,
Three of us aboard in the basket on the lea.
Winds are in the air, they are blowing in the
spring,
And waves are on the meadow like the waves there
are at sea.

Where shall we adventure, to-day that we're afloat,
Wary of the weather and steering by a star?
Shall it be to Africa, a-steering of the boat,
To Providence, or Babylon, or off to Malabar?

Hi! but here's a squadron a-rowing on the sea—
Cattle on the meadow a-charging with a roar!
Quick, and we'll escape them, they're as mad as they
can be,
The wicket is the harbour and the garden is the shore.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

LONDON BRIDGE.

LONDON bridge is broken down,
Dance over my Ladye Lee;
London bridge is broken down,
With a gay ladye.

How shall we build it up again?
Dance over my Ladye Lee;
How shall we build it up again?
With a gay ladye.

Build it up with silver and gold,
Dance over my Ladye Lee;
Build it up with silver and gold,
With a gay ladye.

Silver and gold will be stolen away,
Dance over my Ladye Lee;
Silver and gold will be stolen away,
With a gay ladye.

Build it up with iron and steel,
Dance over my Ladye Lee;
Build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay ladye.

Iron and steel will bend and bow,
Dance over my Ladye Lee;
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
With a gay ladye.

Build it up with wood and clay,
Dance over my Ladye Lee;
Build it up with wood and clay,
With a gay ladye.

Wood and clay will wash away,
Dance over my Ladye Lee;
Wood and clay will wash away,
With a gay ladye.

Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance over my Ladye Lee;
Huzza! 'twill last for ages long,
With a gay ladye.

Anonymous.

COCK ROBIN AND JENNY WREN.

IT was a merry time
When Jenny Wren was young,
So neatly as she danced,
And so sweetly as she sung,
Robin Redbreast lost his heart:
He was a gallant bird;
He doffed his hat to Jenny,
And thus to her he said:—

"My dearest Jenny Wren,
If you will but be mine,
You shall dine on cherry pie,
And drink nice currant wine.
I'll dress you like a Goldfinch,
Or like a Peacock gay;
So if you'll have me, Jenny,
Let us appoint the day."

Jenny blushed behind her fan,
And thus declared her mind:
"Then let it be to-morrow, Bob,
I take your offer kind—
Cherry pie is very good!
So is currant wine!
But I will wear my own brown gown,
And never dress too fine."

Robin rose up early,
At the break of day;
He flew to Jenny Wren's house,
To sing a roundelay.
He met the Cock and Hen,
And bid the Cock declare,
This was his wedding-day
With Jenny Wren, the fair.

The Cock then blew his horn,
To let the neighbors know,
This was Robin's wedding-day,
And they might see the show.
And first came parson Rook,
With his spectacles and band,
And one of Mother Hubbard's books
He held within his hand.

Then followed him the Lark,
For he could sweetly sing,
And he was to be clerk
At Cock Robin's wedding.
He sung of Robin's love
For little Jenny Wren;
And when he came unto the end,
Then he began again.

Then came the bride and bridegroom;
Quite plainly was she dressed,
And blushed so much, her cheeks were
As red as Robin's breast.
"My pretty Jen," said he,
"We're going to be married
And happy we shall be."

The Goldfinch came on next,
To give away the bride;
The Linnet, being bride's maid,
Walked by Jenny's side;
And, as she was a-walking,
She said, "Upon my word,
I think that your Cock Robin
Is a very pretty bird."

The Bulfinch walked by Robin,
And thus to him did say,
"Pray, mark, friend Robin Redbreast,
That Goldfinch, dressed so gay;
What though her gay apparel
Becomes her very well,
Yet Jenny's modest dress and look
Must bear away the bell."

The Blackbird and the Thrush,
And charming Nightingale,
Whose sweet jug * sweetly echoes
Through every grove and dale;
The Sparrow and Tom Tit,
And many more, were there:
All came to see the wedding
Of Jenny Wren, the fair.

* "Jug" is an old word supposed to be like the note of a Nightingale.

"O, then," says parson Rook,
Who gives this maid away?"
"I do," says the Goldfinch,
"And her fortune I will pay:
Here's a bag of grain of many sorts,
And other things beside;
Now happy be the bridegroom,
And happy be the bride!"

"And will you have her, Robin,
To be your wedded wife?"
"Yes, I will," says Robin,
"And love her all my life."
"And will you have him, Jenny,
Your husband now to be?"
"Yes, I will," says Jenny,
"And love him heartily."

Then on her finger fair
Cock Robin put the ring;
"You're married now," says parson Rook,
While the Lark aloud did sing:
"Happy be the bridegroom,
And happy be the bride!
And may not man, nor bird, nor beast,
This happy pair divide."

The birds were asked to dine;
Not Jenny's friends alone,
But every pretty songster
That had Cock Robin known.
They had a cherry pie,
Beside some currant wine,
And every guest brought something,
That sumptuous they might dine.

Now they all sat or stood
To eat and to drink;
And every one said what
He happened to think;
They each took a bumper,
And drank to the pair:
Cock Robin, the bridegroom,
And Jenny Wren, the fair.

The dinner-things removed,
They all began to sing;
And soon they made the place
Near a mile round to ring.
The concert it was fine;
And every bird tried
Who best could sing for Robin
And Jenny Wren, the bride.

Then in came the Cuckoo,
And he made a great rout;
He caught hold of Jenny,
And pulled her about.
Cock Robin was angry,
And so was the Sparrow,
Who fetched in a hurry
His bow and his arrow.

His aim then he took,
But he took it not right;
His skill was not good,
Or he shot in a fright;
For the Cuckoo he missed,
But Cock Robin killed!—
And all the birds mourned
That his blood was so spilled.

Anonymous.

THE BURIAL OF POOR COCK ROBIN.

WHO killed Cock Robin?
"I," said the Sparrow,
"With my bow and arrow;
And I killed Cock Robin."

Who saw him die?
"I," said the Fly,
"With my little eye;
And I saw him die."

Who caught his blood?
"I," said the Fish,
"With my little dish;
And I caught his blood."

Who made his shroud?
"I," said the Beetle,
"With my little needle;
And I made his shroud."

Who will be the parson?
"I," said the Rook;
"With my little book;
And I will be the parson."

Who will dig his grave?
"I," said the Owl,
"With my spade and shovel;
And I'll dig his grave."

Who will be the clerk?
"I," said the Lark,
"If 'tis not in the dark;
And I will be the clerk."

Who'll carry him to the grave?
"I," said the Kite,
"If 'tis not in the night;
And I'll carry him to the grave."

Who will be chief mourner?
"I," said the Dove,
"Because of my love;
And I will be chief mourner."

Who will sing a psalm?
"I," said the Thrush,
As she sat in the bush;
"And I will sing a psalm."

Who will bear the pall?
"We," said the Wren,
Both the Cock and the Hen;
"And we will bear the pall."

Who will toll the bell?
"I," said the Bull,
"Because I can pull;"
And so Cock Robin farewell.

All the birds of the air
Fell to sighing and sobbing
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin.

Anonymous.

OVER IN THE MEADOW.

OVER in the meadow,
In the sand, in the sun,
Lived an old mother-toad
And her little toadie one.
"Wink!" said the mother;
"I wink," said the one:
So she winked and she blinked,
In the sand, in the sun.

Over in the meadow,
Where the stream runs blue,
Lived an old mother-fish
And her little fishes two.
"Swim!" said the mother;
"We swim," said the two:
So they swam and they leaped,
Where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow,
In a hole in a tree,
Lived a mother bluebird
And her little bluebirds three.
"Sing!" said the mother;
"We sing," said the three;
So they sang and were glad,
In the hole in the tree.

Over in the meadow,
In the reeds on the shore,
Lived a mother-muskrat
And her little muskrats four.

"Dive!" said the mother;
"We dive," said the four:
So they dived and they burrowed,
In the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow,
In a snug beehive,
Lived a mother-honeybee
And her little honeys five.
"Buzz!" said the mother;
"We buzz," said the five:
So they buzzed and they hummed,
In the snug beehive.

Over in the meadow,
In a nest built of sticks,
Lived a black mother-crow
And her little crows six.
"Caw!" said the mother;
"We caw," said the six:
So they cawed and they called,
In their nest built of sticks.

Over in the meadow,
Where the grass is so even,
Lived a gay mother-cricket
And her little crickets seven.
"Chirp!" said the mother;
"We chirp," said the seven:
So they chirped cheery notes,
In the grass soft and even.

Over in the meadow,
By the old mossy gate,
Lived a brown mother-lizard
And her little lizards eight.

"Bask!" said the mother;
"We bask," said the eight:
So they basked in the sun,
On the old mossy gate.

Over in the meadow,
Where the clear pools shine,
Lived a green mother-frog
And her little froggies nine.
"Croak!" said the mother;
"We croak," said the nine:
So they croaked and they plashed,
Where the clear pools shine.

Over in the meadow,
In a sly little den,
Lived a gray mother-spider
And her little spiders ten.
"Spin!" said the mother;
"We spin," said the ten:
So they spun lace webs,
In their sly little den.

Olive A. Wadsworth.

DAME WIGGINS OF LEE, AND HER SEVEN WONDERFUL CATS.*

DAME WIGGINS of Lee
Was a worthy old soul,
As e'er threaded a nee-
Dle, or washed in a bowl;

* This humorous tale was written principally by a lady of ninety (Mrs. Sharpe). The third, fourth, eighth, and ninth stanzas are by John Ruskin.

She held mice and rats
In such antipathie,
That seven fine cats
Kept Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The rats and mice scared
By this fierce whiskered crew,
The poor seven cats,
Soon had nothing to do;
So, as any one idle
She ne'er loved to see,
She sent them to school,
Did Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Master soon wrote
That they all of them knew,
How to read the word "milk"
And to spell the word "mew."
And they all washed their faces
Before they took tea:
"Were there ever such dears!"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

He had also thought well
To comply with their wish,
To spend all their play-time
In learning to fish
For stitlings; they sent her
A present of three,
Which, fried, were a feast
For Dame Wiggins of Lee.

But soon she grew tired
Of living alone;
So she sent for her cats,
From school to come home.

Each rowing a wherry,
  Returning you see:
The frolic made merry
  Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Dame was quite pleased
  And ran out to market;
When she came back
  They were mending the carpet.
The needle each handled
  As brisk as a bee;
"Well done, my good cats,"
  Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

To give them a treat,
  She ran out for some rice;
When she came back,
  They were skating on ice.
"I soon shall see one down,
  Aye, perhaps, two or three,
I'll bet half-a-crown,"
  Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

When spring-time came back,
  They had breakfast of curds;
And were greatly afraid
  Of disturbing the birds.
"If you sit, like good cats,
  All the seven in a tree,
They will teach you to sing!"
  Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

So they sat in a tree,
  And said, "Beautiful! Hark!"
And they listened and looked
  In the clouds for the lark.

They sang, by the fireside,
Symphoniouslie,
A song without words,
To Dame Wiggins of Lee.

They called the next day,
On the tomtit and sparrow,
And wheeled a poor sick lamb
Home in a barrow.
"You shall all have some sprats
For your humanity,
My seven good cats,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

While she ran to the field
To look for its dam,
They were warming the bed
For the poor sick lamb;
They turned up the clothes
All as neat as could be;
"I shall ne'er want a nurse,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

She wished them good night,
And went up to bed:
When, lo! in the morning,
The cats were all fled.
But soon—what a fuss!
"Where can they all be?
Here pussy, puss, puss!"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Dame's heart was nigh broke,
So she sat down to weep,
When she saw them come back
Each riding a sheep:

She fondled and patted
  Each purring tommie:
"Ah! welcome, my dears,"
  Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Dame was unable
  Her pleasure to smother,
To see the sick lamb
  Jump up to its mother.
In spite of the gout,
  And a pain in the knee,
She went dancing about:
  Did Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Farmer soon heard
  Where his sheep went astray,
And arrived at Dame's door
  With his faithful dog Tray.
He knocked with his crook,
  And the stranger to see,
Out the window did look
  Dame Wiggins of Lee.

For their kindness he had them
  All drawn by his team;
And gave them some field-mice,
  And raspberry cream.
Said he, "All my stock
  You shall presently see;
For I honor the cats
  Of Dame Wiggins of Lee."

He sent his maid out
  For some muffins and crumpets;
And when he turned round
  They were blowing of trumpets.

Said he, "I suppose
  She's as deaf as can be,
Or this ne'er could be borne
  By Dame Wiggins of Lee."

To show them his poultry,
  He turned them all loose,
When each nimbly leaped
  On the back of a goose,
Which frightened them so
  That they ran to the sea,
And half-drowned the poor cats
  Of Dame Wiggins of Lee.

For the care of his lamb,
  And their comical pranks,
He gave them a ham
  And abundance of thanks.
"I wish you good-day,
  My fine fellows," said he;
"My compliments, pray,
  To Dame Wiggins of Lee."

You see them arrived
  At their Dame's welcome door;
They show her their presents,
  And all their good store.
"Now come in to supper,
  And sit down with me;
All welcome once more,"
  Cried Dame Wiggins of Lee.

Mary E. Sharpe.

SLUTTISHNESS.

Ah! Mary, my Mary, why, where is your Dolly?
Look here, I protest, on the floor;
To leave her about in the dirt so is folly,
You ought to be trusted no more.

I thought you were pleased, and received quite gladly,
When on your birthday she came home;
Did I ever suppose you would use her so sadly,
And strew her things over the room?

Her bonnet of straw you once thought a great matter,
And tied it so pretty and neat;
Now, see how 'tis crumpled, no trencher is flatter,
It grieves your mamma thus to see't.

Suppose (you're my Dolly, you know, little daughter,
Whom I love to dress neat and see good),
Suppose in my care of you I were to falter,
And let you get dirty and rude!

But Dolly's mere wood; you are flesh and blood living,
And deserve better treatment and care;
That is true, my sweet girl; 'tis the reason I'm giving
This lesson so sharp and severe.

'Tis not for the Dolly I'm anxious and fearful,
Though she cost too much to be spoiled;
I'm afraid lest yourself should get sluttish, not careful,
And that were a sad thing, my child.

Jane Taylor.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And Mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On! Comet, on! Cupid, on! Donder and Blitzen—
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,

So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

Clement Clarke Moore

THE STORY OF LITTLE SUCK-A-THUMB.

ONE day, Mamma said, "Conrad, dear,
I must go out and leave you here.
But mind now, Conrad, what I say,
Don't suck your thumb while I'm away.
The great tall tailor always comes
To little boys that suck their thumbs;
And ere they dream what he's about,
He takes his great sharp scissors out
And cuts their thumbs clean off, and then
You know, they never grow again."

Mamma had scarcely turned her back,
The thumb was in, Alack, Alack!

The door flew open, in he ran,
The great, long, red-legged scissor-man.
Oh! children, see! the tailor's come
And caught out little Suck-a-Thumb.
Snip! Snap! Snip! the scissors go;
And Conrad cries out, Oh! oh! oh!
Snip! Snap! Snip! they go so fast
That both his thumbs are off at last.

Mamma comes home; there Conrad stands,
And looks quite sad, and shows his hands—
"Ah!" said Mamma, "I knew he'd come
To naughty little Suck-a-Thumb."

Heinrich Hoffmann.

PUSSY-CAT.

PUSSY-CAT lives in the servants' hall,
She can set up her back, and purr;
The little Mice live in a crack in the wall,
But they hardly dare venture to stir;

For whenever they think of taking the air,
Or filling their little maws,
The Pussy-Cat says, "Come out, if you dare;
I will catch you all with my claws."

Scrabble, scrabble, scrabble, went all the Mice,
For they smelt the Cheshire cheese;
The Pussy-Cat said, "It smells very nice,
Now *do* come out, if you please."

"Squeak," said the Little Mouse,—"Squeak, squeak, squeak,"
Said all the young ones too;
"We never creep out when cats are about,
Because we're afraid of you."

So the cunning old Cat lay down on a mat
By the fire in the servants' hall;
"If the little Mice peep, they'll think I'm asleep;"
So she rolled herself up like a ball.

"Squeak," said the little Mouse, "we'll creep out
And eat some Cheshire cheese,
That silly old Cat is asleep on the mat,
And we may sup at our ease."

Nibble, nibble, nibble, went all the little Mice,
And they licked their little paws;
Then the cunning old Cat sprang up from the mat,
And caught them all with her claws.

"Aunt Effie."—Ann Hawkshaw.

THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS.

At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear land of Story-books.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

GOOD-NIGHT.

BABY, baby, lay your head
On your pretty cradle bed;
Shut your eye-peeps, now the day
And the light are gone away;
All the clothes are tucked in tight;
Little baby, dear, good night.

Yes, my darling, well I know
How the bitter wind doth blow;
And the winter's snow and rain
Patter on the window-pane;
But they cannot come in here,
To my little baby dear.

For the window shutteth fast,
Till the stormy night is past,
And the curtains warm are spread
Roundabout her cradle bed;
So till morning shineth bright,
Little baby, dear, good night.

Jane Taylor.

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF.

Oh, hush thee, my baby! thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.

Oh, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows!
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

Oh, hush thee, my baby! the time will soon come
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling! take rest while you may;
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

Sir Walter Scott.

MY DEAREST BABY, GO TO SLEEP.

My dearest baby, go to sleep,
For now the bright round moon doth peep
On thy little snow-white bed,
And upon thy pretty head.

The silver stars are shining bright,
And bid my baby dear good night;
And every bird has gone to rest
Long since in its little nest.

The lambs no longer run and leap,
But by the daisies lie asleep;
The flowers have closed their pretty eyes
Until the sun again shall rise.

All things are wrapped in sweet repose,
The dew falls noiseless on the rose;
So thou must like an angel lie
Till golden morning streaks the sky.

Soon will I gently steal to bed,
And rest beside thy pretty head,
And all night keep thee snug and warm,
Nestling fondly on my arm.

Then, dearest baby, go to sleep,
While the moon doth on thee peep,
Shining on thy little bed,
And around thy pretty head.

Thomas Miller.

CRADLE SONG.

To sleep the corn is sinking,
For heavy hangs its head;
The timid flowers are shrinking
From darkness in their bed.

And evening breezes flocking
Like gentle angels blest
Come softly, softly rocking
The corn and flowers to rest.

And as the flowerets shrinking,
So timid, too, art thou,
And as the corn-heads sinking,
So nods thy dear head now.

And sounds of evening winging
Like little angels blest
Come softly, softly singing
My darling one to rest.

Hoffman von Fallersleben.

A CRADLE SONG.

HUSH! my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from Heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle:
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay:
When His birth-place was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.

See the kindly shepherds round Him,
  Telling wonders from the sky!
Where they sought Him, there they found Him,
  With His Virgin-Mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing:
  Lovely Infant, how He smiled!
When He wept, the mother's blessing
  Soothed and hushed the Holy Child.

Lo, He slumbers in His manger,
  Where the horned oxen fed;—
Peace, my darling! here's no danger!
  Here's no ox a-near thy bed!—

Mayst thou live to know and fear Him,
  Trust and love Him all thy days:
Then go dwell for ever near Him;
  See His face, and sing His praise.

I could give thee thousand kisses,
  Hoping what I most desire:
Not a mother's fondest wishes
  Can to greater joys aspire.

Isaac Watts.

LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE drops of water,
  Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,
  Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
  Of eternity.

Thus our little errors
  Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue,
  Far in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
  Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
  Like the heaven above.

Little seeds of mercy,
  Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations
  Far in heathen lands.

Ebenezer Cobham Brewer.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

LITTLE children, never give
  Pain to things that feel and live:
  Let the gentle robin come
For the crumbs you save at home,—
As his meat you throw along
He'll repay you with a song;
Never hurt the timid hare
Peeping from her green grass lair.
Let her come and sport and play
On the lawn at close of day;

The little lark goes soaring high
To the bright windows of the sky,
Singing as if 'twere always spring,
And fluttering on an untired wing,—
Oh! let him sing his happy song,
Nor do these gentle creatures wrong.

Anonymous.

I MUST NOT TEASE MY MOTHER.

I MUST not tease my mother,
For she is very kind;
And everything she says to me
I must directly mind;
For when I was a baby
And could not speak or walk,
She let me in her bosom sleep,
And taught me how to talk.

I must not tease my mother;
And when she likes to read,
Or has the headache, I will step
Most silently indeed:
I will not choose a noisy play,
Nor trifling troubles tell,
But sit down quiet by her side,
And try to make her well.

I must not tease my mother;
I've heard dear father say,
When I was in my cradle sick
She nursed me night and day;

She lays me in my little bed,
  She gives me clothes and food,
And I have nothing else to pay
  But trying to be good.

I must not tease my mother;
  She loves me all the day,
And she has patience with my faults,
  And teaches me to pray.
How much I'll strive to please her,
  She every hour shall see;
For should she go away or die,
  What would become of me?

Mrs. Sigourney.

BUNCHES OF GRAPES.

"BUNCHES of grapes," says Timothy;
  "Pomegranates pink," says Elaine;
"A junket of cream and a cranberry tart
For me," says Jane.

"Love-in-a-mist," says Timothy;
  "Primroses pale," says Elaine;
"A nosegay of pinks and mignonette
For me," says Jane.

"Chariots of gold," says Timothy;
  "Silvery wings," says Elaine;
"A bumpity ride in a waggon of hay
For me," says Jane.

Walter Ramal.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

"LITTLE by little," an acorn said,—
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed—
"I am improving every day,
Hidden deep in the earth away!"
Little by little each day it grew;
Little by little it sipped the dew.
Downward it sent out a thread-like root;
Up in the air sprung a tiny shoot.
Day after day, and year after year,
Little by little the leaves appear;
And the slender branches spread far and wide,
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

Far down in the depths of the dark blue sea,
An insect-train work ceaselessly.
Grain by grain they are building well,
Each one alone in its little cell;
Moment by moment, and day by day,
Never stopping to rest or play.
Rocks upon rocks they are rearing high,
Till the tops look out on the sunny sky.
The gentle wind and the balmy air,
Little by little, bring verdure there,
Till the summer-sunbeams gaily smile
On the buds and flowers of the coral isle.

"Little by little," said a thoughtful boy,
"Moment by moment I'll well employ,
Learning a little every day,
And not spending all my time in play.
And still this rule in my mind shall dwell,
Whatever I do, I will do it well.

Little by little, I'll learn to know
The treasured wisdom of long ago:
And one of these days perhaps will see
That the world will be the better for me."
Now, do you not think that this simple plan
Made him a wise and a useful man?

Anonymous.

FROM A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

FASTER than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;
And charging along like troops in a battle,
All through the meadows the horses and cattle:
All of the sights of the hill and the plain
Fly as thick as driving rain;
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.

Here is a child who clambers and scrambles,
All by himself and gathering brambles;
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;
And there is the green for stringing the daisies!
Here is a cart run away in the road
Lumping along with man and load;
And here is a mill and there is a river:
Each a glimpse and gone for ever!

Robert Louis Stevenson.

A CAT TO HER KITTENS.

"LITTLE kittens, be quiet—be quiet, I say!
You see I am not in the humor for play.
I've watched a long time every crack in the house,
Without being able to catch you a mouse.

"Now, Muff, I desire you will let my foot go;
And, Prinny, how can you keep jumping, miss, so?

"Little Tiny, get up, and stand on your feet,
And be, if you can, a little discreet!
Am I to be worried and harass'd by you,
Till I really don't know what to think or to do?

"But hush! hush! this minute! now don't mew and cry—
My anger is cooling, and soon will pass by,
So kiss me and come and sit down on the mat,
And make your dear mother a nice happy cat."

Eliza Grove.

THE BUSY CHILD.

HANNAH, a busy, meddling thing,
Would peep in every place;
A habit which must always bring
Young folks into disgrace.

One day her mother put a jar
Upon a cupboard shelf;
Sly Hannah viewed it from afar,
And said within herself:

"What can mamma have placed so high?
It must be something nice;
And, if I thought she were not nigh,
I'd see it in a trice."

Quick on the table then she skipped,
But, feeling some alarm,
She sudden turned, her left foot slipped,
She fell—and broke her arm.

Mary Elliott.

HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

Isaac Watts.

DANDELION.

THERE'S a dandy little fellow,
Who dresses all in yellow—
In yellow with an overcoat of green;
With his hair all crisp and curly,
In the spring-time bright and early,
A-tripping o'er the meadow he is seen.
Through all the bright June weather,
Like a jolly little tramp,

He wanders o'er the hillside, down the road;
  Around his yellow feather
    The gipsy glow-worms camp;
His companions are the skylark and the toad.
  Spick and spandy, little dandy,
Golden dancer in the dell!
  Green and yellow, happy fellow,
All the children love him well!
  But at last this little fellow
  Doffs his dandy coat of yellow,
And very feebly totters o'er the green;
  For he very old is growing,
  And with hair all white and flowing
A-nodding in the sunlight he is seen.
  The little winds of morning
  Come a-flying through the grass,
And clap their hands around him in their glee;
  They shake him without warning—
    His wig falls off, alas!
And a little bald-head dandy now is he.
  Oh, poor dandy, once so spandy,
Golden dancer on the lea!
  Older growing, white hair flowing,
Poor little bald-head dandy now is he!

N. M. Garabrant.

THE LAND OF NOD.

From breakfast on through all the day
  At home among my friends I stay,
    But every night I go abroad
Afar into the land of Nod.

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat;

All by myself I have to go,
With none to tell me what to do—
All alone beside the streams
And up the mountainsides of dreams.

The strangest things are there for me,
Both things to eat and things to see,
And many frightening sights abroad
Till morning in the land of Nod.

Try as I like to find the way,
I never can get back by day,
Nor can remember plain and clear
The curious music that I hear.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT.

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat;
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the moon above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love!
What a beautiful Pussy you are,—
You are,
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
How wonderful sweet you sing!
O let us be married,—too long we have tarried,—
But what shall we do for a ring?"

They sailed away for a year and a day
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,
And there in a wood a piggy-wig stood
With a ring in the end of his nose,—
His nose,
With a ring in the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon,—
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

Edward Lear.

GOOD AND BAD CHILDREN.

CHILDREN, you are very little,
And your bones are very brittle;
If you would grow great and stately,
You must try to walk sedately.

You must still be bright and quiet,
And content with simple diet;
And remain, through all bewild'ring,
Innocent and honest children.

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places—
That was how, in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages.

But the unkind and the unruly,
And the sort who eat unduly,
They must never hope for glory—
Theirs is quite a different story!

Cruel children, crying babies,
All grow up as geese and gabies,
Hated, as their age increases,
By their nephews and their nieces.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE DUCK AND THE KANGAROO.

Said the Duck to the Kangaroo,
"Good Gracious! how you hop!
Over the fields and the water too,
As if you never would stop!
My life is a bore in this nasty pond,
And I long to go out in the world beyond!
I wish I could hop like you!"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

"Please give me a ride on your back!"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.
"I would sit quite still, and say nothing but 'Quack,'
The whole of the long day through!
And we'd go to the Dee, and the Jelly Bo Lee,
Over the land and over the sea;—
Please take me a ride! O do!"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

Said the Kangaroo to the Duck,
"This requires some little reflection;
Perhaps on the whole it might bring me luck,
And there seems but one objection;

Which is, if you'll let me speak so bold,
Your feet are unpleasantly wet and cold,
And would probably give me the roo-
Matiz!" said the Kangaroo.

Said the Duck, "As I sat on the rocks,
I have thought over that completely
And I bought four pairs of worsted socks
Which fit my web feet neatly.
And to keep out the cold I've bought a cloak,
And every day a cigar I'll smoke,
All to follow my own dear true
Love of a Kangaroo!"

Said the Kangaroo, "I'm ready!
All in the moonlight pale,
But to balance me well, dear Duck, sit steady!
And quite at the end of my tail!"
So away they went with a hop and a bound,
And they hopped the whole world three times round;
And who so happy—O who,
As the Duck and the Kangaroo?

Edward Lear.

THE FAIRIES.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting,
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray,
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again,
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lake,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting,
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

William Allingham.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

"WILL you walk into my parlour?" said the Spider to the Fly,
"'Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy;
The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,
And I have many curious things to show when you are there."
"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly; "to ask me is in vain;
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the Spider to the Fly.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around; the sheets are fine and thin,
And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in!"
"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly, "for I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again who sleep upon your bed!"
Said the cunning Spider to the Fly: "Dear friend, what can I do,
To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?
I have within my pantry good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome—will you please to take a slice?"
"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly, "kind sir, that cannot be,
I've heard what's in your pantry and I do not wish to see!"
"Sweet creature!" said the Spider, "you're witty and you're wise,
How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes;
I have a little looking-glass upon my parlour shelf,
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good morning now, I'll call another day."

The Spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly Fly would soon come back again:
So he wove a subtle web in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready to dine upon the Fly.
Then he came out to his door again, and merrily did sing,
"Come hither, hither, pretty Fly, with the pearl and silver wing;
Your robes are green and purple—there's a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead!"
Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little Fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by;
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green and purple hue—
Thinking only of her crested head—poor foolish thing!
—at last
Up jumped the cunning Spider, and fiercely held her fast.
He dragg'd her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlour—but she ne'er came out again!

And now, dear little children, who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you ne'er give heed:

Unto an evil counsellor close heart and ear and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale, of the Spider and the Fly.

Mary Howitt.

WHEN GRANDPA WAS A LITTLE BOY.

"WHEN grandpa was a little boy about your age," said he
To the curly-headed youngster who had climbed upon his knee,
"So studious was he at school, he never failed to pass;
And out of three he always stood the second in the class—"
"But if no more were in it, you were next to foot, like me!"
"Why, bless you, Grandpa never thought of that before," said he.

"When Grandpa was a little boy about your age," said he,
"He very seldom spent his pretty pennies foolishly;
No toy or candy store was there for miles and miles about,
And with his books straight home he'd go the moment school was out—"
"But if there had been one, you might have spent them all, like me!"
"Why, bless you, Grandpa never thought of that before," said he.

"When Grandpa was a little boy, about your age," said he,
"He never stayed up later than an hour after tea;

It wasn't good for little boys at all, his mother said,
And so, when it was early, she would march him off
to bed—"
"But if she hadn't, maybe you'd have stayed up
late, like me!"
"Why, bless you, Grandpa never thought of that be-
fore," said he.

"When Grandpa was a little boy, about your age,"
said he,
"In summer he went barefoot and was happy as could
be;
And all the neighbours round about agreed he was a
lad
Who was as good as good could be, except when he
was bad—"
"But, 'ceptin' going barefoot, you were very
much like me."
"Why, bless you, Grandpa's often thought of that
before," said he.

Malcolm Douglas,

THE MOO-COW-MOO.*

My pa held me up to the moo-cow-moo
So clost I could almost touch,
En I fed him a couple of times, or two,
En I wasn't a 'fraid-cat much.

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But ef my papa goes into the house,
  En mamma, she goes in, too,
I just keep still, like a little mouse,
  Fer the moo-cow-moo might moo!

The moo-cow-moo's got a tail like a rope
  En it's raveled down where it grows,
En it's just like feeling a piece of soap
  All over the moo-cow's nose.

En the moo-cow-moo has lots of fun
  Just swinging his tail about;
En, he opens his mouth and then I run—
  Cause that's where the moo comes out.

En the moo-cow-moo's got deers on his head
  En his eyes stick out o' their place,
En the nose o' the moo-cow-moo is spread
  All-over the end of his face.

Edward Vance Cooke.

"EX ORE INFANTIUM." *

LITTLE Jesus, wast Thou shy
  Once, and just so small as I?
  And what did it feel like to be
Out of Heaven, and just like me?
Didst Thou sometimes think of *there*,
And ask where all the angels were?
I should think that I would cry
For my house all made of sky;

* "Out of the Mouth of Babes."

I would look about the air,
And wonder where my angels were;
And at waking 'twould distress me—
Not an angel there to dress me!
Hadst Thou ever any toys,
Like us little girls and boys?
And didst Thou play in Heaven with all
The angels that were not too tall,
With stars for marbles? Did the things
Play *Can you see me?* through their wings?
And did Thy Mother let Thee spoil
Thy robes, with playing on *our* soil?
How nice to have them always new
In Heaven, because 'twas quite clean blue!
Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,
And didst Thou join Thy hands, this way?
And did they tire sometimes, being young,
And make the prayer seem very long?
And dost Thou like it best, that we
Should join our hands to pray to Thee?
I used to think, before I knew,
The prayer not said unless we do.
And did Thy Mother at the night
Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in right?
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed,
Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?
Thou canst not have forgotten all
That it feels like to be small:
And Thou know'st I cannot pray
To Thee in my Father's way—
When Thou wast so little, say,
Couldst Thou talk Thy Father's way?—
So, a little Child come down
And hear a child's tongue like Thy own;

Take me by the hand and walk,
And listen to my baby-talk.
To Thy Father show my prayer
(He will look, Thou art so fair),
And say: "Lo, Father, I, Thy Son,
Bring the prayer of a little one."

And He will smile, that children's tongue
Has not changed since Thou wast young!

Francis Thompson

THE CHILD IN THE STORY GOES TO BED.

I PRYTHEE, Nurse, come smooth my hair;
And prythee, Nurse, unloose my shoe,
And trimly turn my silken sheet
Upon my quilt of gentle blue.

My pillow sweet of lavender
Smooth with an amiable hand,
And may the dark pass peaceful by
As in the hour-glass droops the sand.

Prepare my cornered manchet sweet,
And in my little crystal cup
Pour out the blithe and flowing mead
That forthwith I may sup.

Withdraw my curtains from the night,
And let the crispéd crescent shine
Upon my eyelids while I sleep,
And soothe me with her beams benign.

From far-away there streams the singing
Of the mellifluent nightingale—
Surely if goblins hear her lay,
They shall not o'er my peace prevail.

Now quench my silver lamp, prythee,
And bid the harpers harp that tune,
Fairies which haunt the meadow lands
Sing clearly to the stars of June.

And bid them play, though I in dreams
No longer heed their pining strains,
For I would not to silence wake,
When slumber o'er my senses wanes.

You Angels bright who me defend,
Enshadow me with curvéd wing,
And keep me in the darksome night
Till dawn another day do bring.

Walter Ramal.

THE CHILD AND THE ANGELS.

THE Sabbath's sun was setting low,
Amidst the clouds at even;
"Our Father," breathed a voice below,—
"Our Father, who art in Heaven."

Beyond the earth, beyond the clouds,
Those infant words were given;
"Our Father," angels sang aloud—
"Father, who art in Heaven."

"Thy kingdom come," still from the ground,
That childlike voice did pray;
"Thy kingdom come," God's hosts resound,
Far up the starry way.

"Thy will be done," with little tongue,
That lisping love implores;
"Thy will be done," the angelic throng
Sing from the heavenly shores.

"Forever," still those lips repeat
Their closing evening prayer;
"Forever," floats in music sweet,
High midst the angels there.

C. Swain.

THE DUEL.*

THE gingham dog and calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)
Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!
The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
(*I wasn't there; I simply state*
What was told me by the Chinese plate!)

The gingham dog went "bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,

* From "Lullaby Land," by Eugene Field. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

While the old Dutch clock in the chimney place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(*Now mind: I'm only telling you*
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do?"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfullest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
(*Don't fancy I exaggerate!*
I got my news from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning, where the two had sat,
They found no trace of dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!
But the truth about the cat and pup
Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
(*The old Dutch clock it told me so*
And that is how I came to know.)

Eugene Field.

THE ORANGE.

THE month was June, the day was hot,
And Philip had an orange got;
The fruit was fragrant, tempting, bright,
Refreshing to the smell and sight;
Not of that puny size which calls
Poor customers to common stalls,

But large and massy, full of juice,
As any Lima can produce.
The liquor would, if squeezéd out,
Have filled a tumbler—thereabout.

The happy boy with greedy eyes,
Surveys and re-surveys his prize.
He turns it round, and longs to drain,
And with the juice his lips to stain,
His throat and lips were parched with heat;
The orange seemed to cry, *"Come, eat."*
He from his pocket draws a knife,
When in his thoughts there rose a strife,
Which folks experience when they wish,
Yet scruple, to begin a dish,
And by their hesitation own
It is too good to eat alone.
But appetite o'er indecision
Prevails, and Philip makes incision.

The melting fruit in quarters came,—
Just then there passéd by a dame,
One of the poorer sort she seemed,
As by her garb you would have deemed,
Who in her toil-worn arms did hold
A sickly infant ten months old;
That from a fever caught in spring,
Was slowly then recovering.
The child, attracted by the view
Of that fair orange, feebly threw
A languid look—perhaps the smell
Convinced it that there sure must dwell
A corresponding sweetness there,
Where lodged a scent so good and rare—

Perhaps the smell the fruit did give
Felt healing and restorative—
For never had the child been graced
To know such dainties by their taste.
When Philip saw the infant crave,
He straightway to the mother gave
His quartered orange; nor would stay
To hear her thanks, but tripped away.
Then to the next clear spring he ran
To quench his drought, a happy man.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

THE CHILD'S DESIRE.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with Him then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on *my* head,
That His arm had been thrown around *me,*
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above;

In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that beautiful home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest, the brightest, the best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

Mrs. Luke.

LET DOGS DELIGHT TO BARK AND BITE.

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to.

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the Blessed Virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb,
And, as His stature grew,
He grew in favour both with man,
And God His Father, too.

Now Lord of all, He reigns above,
And from His heavenly throne
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for His own.

Isaac Watts.

INNOCENT PLAY.

ABROAD in the meadows to see the young lambs
Run sporting about by the side of their dams,
With fleeces so clean and so white;
Or a nest of young doves in a large open cage,
When they play all in love without anger or rage,
How much we may learn from the sight!

If we had been ducks we might dabble in mud,
Or dogs, we might play till it ended in blood—
So foul and so fierce are their natures;
But Thomas and William, and such pretty names,
Should be cleanly and harmless as doves or as lambs,
Those lovely, sweet, innocent creatures.

Not a thing that we do, nor a word that we say
Should hinder another in jesting or play,
For he's still in earnest that's hurt;
How rude are the boys that throw pebbles and mire!
There's none but a madman will fling about fire,
And tell you, "'Tis all but in sport."

Isaac Watts.

JANE AND ELIZA.

THERE were two little girls neither handsome nor plain,
One's name was Eliza, the other's was Jane;
They were both of one height, as I've heard people say,
And both of one age, I believe, to a day.

'Twas thought by some people who slightly had seen
them,
There was not a pin to be chosen between them;
But no one for long in this notion persisted,
So great a distinction there *really* existed.

Eliza knew well that she could not be pleasing,
While fretting and fuming, while sulking or teasing;
And therefore in company artfully tried,
Not to *break* her bad habits, but only to *hide.*

So, when she was out, with much labour and pain,
She contrived to look *almost* as pleasing as Jane;
But then you might see that, in forcing a smile,
Her mouth was uneasy, and ached all the while.

But in spite of her care it would sometimes befall
That some cross event happened to ruin it all;
And because it might chance that her share was the
worst,
Her temper broke loose, and her dimples dispersed.

But Jane, who had nothing she wanted to hide,
And therefore these troublesome arts never tried,
Had none of the care and fatigue of concealing,
But her face always showed what her bosom was feeling.

The smiles that upon her sweet countenance were,
At home or abroad they were constantly there;
And Eliza worked hard, but could never obtain
The affection that freely was given to Jane.

Ann Taylor.

DIRTY JIM.

THERE was one little Jim,
'Tis reported of him,
And must be to his lasting disgrace,
That he never was seen
With hands at all clean,
Nor yet ever clean was his face.

His friends were much hurt
To see so much dirt,
And often they made him quite clean;
But all was in vain,
He was dirty again,
And not at all fit to be seen.

Then to wash he was sent,
He reluctantly went
With water to splash himself o'er;
But he seldom was seen
To have washed himself clean,
And often look'd worse than before.

The idle and bad
Like this little lad,
May be dirty, and black, to be sure;
But good boys are seen
To be decent and clean,
Although they are ever so poor.

Jane Taylor.

WISHING.

RING-TING! I wish I were a Primrose,
A bright yellow Primrose blowing in the Spring!
The stooping boughs above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to keep across,
And the Elm-tree for our King!

Nay—nay! I wish I were an Elm-tree,
A great lofty Elm-tree, with green leaves gay!
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
The Birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing!

O—no! I wish I were a Robin,
A Robin or a little Wren, everywhere to go;
Through forest, field or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till Winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wing.

Well—tell! Where should I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
Before a day was over,
Home comes the rover,
For Mother's kiss—sweeter this
Than any other thing!

William Allingham.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

A LION with the heat oppressed,
One day composed himself to rest;
But whilst he dozed, as he intended,
A mouse his royal back ascended;
Nor thought of harm, as Æsop tells,
Mistaking him for someone else;
And travelled over him, and round him,
And might have left him as he found him
Had he not—tremble when you hear—
Tried to explore the monarch's ear!
Who straightway woke, with wrath immense,
And shook his head to cast him thence.
"You rascal, what are you about?"
Said he, when he had turned him out.
"I'll teach you soon," the lion said,
"To make a mouse-hole in my head!"
So saying, he prepared his foot
To crush the trembling tiny brute;
But he (the mouse) with tearful eye,
Implored the lion's clemency,
Who thought it best at last to give
His little pris'ner a reprieve.

'Twas nearly twelve months after this,
The lion chanced his way to miss;
When pressing forward, heedless yet.
He got entangled in a net.

With dreadful rage, he stamped and tore,
And straight commenced a lordly roar;
When the poor mouse, who heard the noise,
Attended, for he knew his voice.

Then what the lion's utmost strength
Could not effect, he did at length;
With patient labour he applied
His teeth, the network to divide;
And so at last forth issued he,
A *lion,* by a mouse set free.

Few are so small or weak, I guess,
But may assist us in distress,
Nor shall we ever, if we're wise,
The meanest, or the least despise.

Jeffreys Taylor.

THE SHEEP.

Lazy sheep, pray tell me why
In the grassy fields you lie,
Eating grass and daisies white,
From the morning till the night?
Every thing can something do,
But what kind of use are you?

Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray;
Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back to make you clothes?
Cold, and very cold you'd get,
If I did not give you it.

Sure it seems a pleasant thing
To nip the daisies in the spring,
But many chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass,
Or pick a scanty dinner where
All the common's brown and bare.

Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past,
And cuts my woolly coat away
To warm you in the winter's day;
Little master, this is why
In the grassy fields I lie.

Ann Taylor.

TRY AGAIN.

'Tis a lesson you should heed,
Try again;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try again;
Then your courage should appear,
For if you will *persevere,*
You will conquer, never fear,
Try again.

Once or twice, though you should fail,
Try again;
If you would at last prevail,
Try again;
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace
Though we do not win the race;
What should we do in that case?
Try again.

If you find your task is hard,
Try again;
Time will bring you your reward,
Try again;

All that other folk can do,
Why, with patience, may not you?
Only keep this rule in view,
Try again.

William Edward Hickson

BIG AND LITTLE THINGS.

I CANNOT do the big things
That I should like to do,
To make the earth for ever fair,
The sky for ever blue.

But I can do the small things
That help to make it sweet;
Though clouds arise and fill the skies,
And tempests beat.

I cannot stay the rain-drops
That tumble from the skies;
But I can wipe the tears away
From baby's pretty eyes.

I cannot make the sun shine,
Or warm the winter bleak;
But I can make the summer come
On sister's rosy cheek.

I cannot stay the storm clouds,
Or drive them from their place;
But I can clear the clouds away
From brother's troubled face.

I cannot make the corn grow,
Or work upon the land;
But I can put new strength and will
In father's busy hand.

I cannot stay the east wind,
Or thaw its icy smart;
But I can keep a corner warm
In mother's loving heart.

I cannot do the big things
That I should like to do,
To make the earth for ever fair,
The sky for ever blue.

But I can do the small things
That help to make it sweet;
Though clouds arise and fill the skies
And tempests beat.

Alfred H. Miles.

MY MOTHER DEAR.

THERE was a place in childhood that I remember well,
And there a voice of sweetest tone bright fairy-tales did tell;
And gentle words and fond embrace were given with joy to me
When I was in that happy place, upon my mother's knee.

When fairy tales were ended, "Good night," she softly said,
And kissed, and laid me down to sleep within my tiny bed;

And holy words she taught me there—methinks I yet
can see
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt beside my mother's
knee.

In the sickness of my childhood, the perils of my prime,
The sorrows of my riper years, the cares of every time;
When doubt and danger weighed me down, then, plead-
ing all for me,
It was a fervent prayer to Heaven that bent my
mother's knee.

Samuel Lover.

CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,
God grant me grace my prayers to say!
O God, preserve my mother dear
In health and strength for many a year.
And O preserve my father too,
And may I pay him reverence due;
And may I my best thoughts employ
To be my parents' hope and joy!
And O preserve my brothers both
From evil doings and from sloth,
And may we always love each other,
Our friends, our father, and our mother!
And still, O Lord, to me impart
An innocent and grateful heart,
That after my last sleep I may
Awake to Thy eternal day. Amen.

S. T. Coleridge.

THE LAND OF USED-TO-BE.*

AND where's the Land of Used-to-be, does little baby wonder?
Oh, we will clap a magic saddle over "Pop-pums'" knee
And ride away around the world, and in and out and under
The whole of all the golden sunny Summertime and see.

Leisurely and lazy-like we'll jostle on our journey,
And let the pony bathe his hooves and cool them in the dew,
As he sidles down the shady way and lags along the ferny
And green grassy edges of the lane we travel through.

And then we'll canter on to catch the bubble of the thistle
As it bumps among the butterflies and glimmers down the sun,
To leave us laughing, all content to hear the robin whistle
Or guess what Katydid is saying little Katy's done.

And pausing here a minute, where we hear the squirrel chuckle
As he darts from out the underbrush and scampers up the tree,

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We will gather buds and locust-blossoms, leaves and honeysuckle,
To wreathe around our foreheads, riding into Used-to-be;—

For here's the very rim of it that we go swinging over—
Don't you hear the Fairy bugles, and the tinkle of the bells,
And see the baby-bumblebees that tumble in the clover
And dangle from the tilted pinks and tipsy pimpernels?

And don't you see the merry faces of the daffodillies,
And the jolly Johnny-jump-ups, and the buttercups a-glee,
And the low, lolling ripples ring around the water-lilies?—
All greeting us with laughter, to the Land of Used-to-be!

And here among the blossoms of the blooming vines and grasses,
With a haze for ever hanging in a sky for ever blue,
And with a breeze from over-seas to kiss us as it passes,
We will romp around forever as the airy Elfins do!

For all the elves of earth and air are swarming here together—
The prankish Puck, King Oberon, and Queen Titania too;
And dear old Mother Goose herself, as sunny as the weather,
Comes dancing down the dewy walks to welcome me and you!

James Whitcomb Riley.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.*

THE little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And the musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys;
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!

Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place—
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

Eugene Field.

* From "Lullaby Land," by Eugene Field. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD.*

WYNKEN, Blynken and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish,
That lived in that beautiful sea—
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
Never afeared are we;"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

* From "Lullaby Land," by Eugene Field. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea—
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the mystic sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Eugene Field.

NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep.
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tend'rest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil;
From their sin restrain.

Through the long night watches
May Thine Angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy Holy Eyes.

Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, Blest Spirit,
While all ages run.

S. Baring-Gould.

PART TWO

FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

"COME, take up your hats, and away let us haste
To the Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's feast,
The trumpeter, Gadfly, has summoned the crew,
And the Revels are now only waiting for you."

So said little Robert, and pacing along,
His merry Companions came forth in a throng,
And on the smooth grass by the side of a Wood,
Beneath a broad oak that for ages had stood,
Saw the children of Earth and the Tenants of Air
For an Evening's Amusement together repair.

And there came the Beetle so blind and so black,
Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on his back.
And there was the Gnat and the Dragon-fly too,
With all their Relations, green, orange and blue.
And there came the Moth, with his plumage of down,
And the Hornet in jacket of yellow and brown;
Who with him the Wasp, his companion, did bring,
But they promised that evening to lay by their sting.
And the sly little Dormouse crept out of his hole,
And brought to the Feast, his blind Brother, the Mole.
And the Snail, with his horns peeping out of his shell,
Came from a great distance, the length of an ell.

A Mushroom their Table, and on it was laid
A water-dock leaf, which a table-cloth made.

The Viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the Bee brought her honey to crown the Repast.
Then close on his haunches, so solemn and wise,
The Frog from a corner looked up to the skies;
And the Squirrel, well pleased such diversion to see,
Mounted high overhead and looked down from a tree.

Then out came the Spider, with finger so fine,
To show his dexterity on the tight-line.
From one branch to another, his cobwebs he slung,
Then quick as an arrow he darted along,
But just in the middle—oh! shocking to tell,
From his rope, in an instant, poor Harlequin fell.
Yet he touched not the ground, but with talons outspread,
Hung suspended in air, at the end of a thread.

Then the Grasshopper came with a jerk and a spring,
Very long was his Leg, though but short was his wing;
He took but three leaps, and was soon out of sight,
Then chirped his own praises the rest of the night.
With step so majestic the Snail did advance,
And promised the gazers a Minuet to dance;
But they all laughed so loud that he pulled in his head,
And went in his own little chamber to bed.
Then as evening gave way to shadows of Night,
Their Watchman, the Glow-worm, came out with a light.

"Then Home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
For no Watchman is waiting for you or for me."
So said little Robert, and pacing along,
His merry Companions returned in a throng.

T. Roscoe.

LITTLE WHITE LILY.

Little white Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.
Little white Lily
Sunshine has fed;
Little white Lily
Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily
Said, "It is good;
Little white Lily's
Clothing and food."
Little white Lily,
Drest like a bride!
Shining with whiteness,
And crownèd beside!

Little white Lily
Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.
Little white Lily
Holdeth her cup;
Rain is fast falling
And filling it up.

Little white Lily
Said, "Good again,
When I am thirsty
To have nice rain;

Now I am stronger,
Now I am cool;
Heat cannot burn me,
My veins are so full."

Little white Lily
Smells very sweet:
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.
Thanks to the sunshine,
Thanks to the rain!
Little white Lily
Is happy again!

George MacDonald.

THE FAIRY BOY.

A MOTHER came when stars were paling,
Wailing round a lonely spring;
Thus she cried while tears were falling,
Calling on the Fairy King:

"Why with spells my child caressing,
Courting him with fairy joy;
Why destroy a mother's blessing,
Wherefore steal my baby boy?

"O'er the mountain, through the wild wood,
Where his childhood loved to play;
Where the flowers are freshly springing,
There I wander day by day.

"There I wander, growing fonder
Of that child that made my joy;
On the echoes wildly calling
To restore my fairy boy.

"But in vain my plaintive calling,
Tears are falling all in vain!
He now sports with fairy pleasure,
He's the treasure of their train!

"Fare thee well, my child for ever,
In this world I've lost my joy,
But in the *next* we ne'er shall sever,
There I'll find my angel boy!"

Samuel Lover.

NIMBLE DICK.

My boy, be cool, do things by rule,
And then you'll do them right;
A story true I'll tell to you—
'Tis of a luckless wight.

He'd never wait, was ever late,
Because he was so quick,
This scatter-brain did thus obtain
The name of Nimble Dick.

All in his best young Dick was drest,
Cries he, "I'm very dry!"
Though glass and jug, and china mug,
On sideboard stood hard by—

With skip and jump unto the pump,
  With open mouth he goes;
The water out ran from the spout,
  And wetted all his clothes.

All in dispatch he made a match
  To run a race with Bill;
"My boy," said he, "I'll win, you'll see;
  I'll beat you, that I will."

With merry heart, now off they start,
  Like ponies in full speed;
Soon Bill he passed, for very fast
  This Dicky ran indeed.

But hurry all, Dick got a fall,
  And whilst he sprawling lay,
Bill reached the post, and Dicky lost,
  And Billy won the day.

"Bring here my pad," now cries the lad
  Unto the servant John;
"I'll mount astride, this day I'll ride,
  So put the saddle on."

No time to waste, 'twas brought in haste,
  Dick longed to have it backed;
With spur and boot on leg and foot,
  His whip he loudly cracked.

The mane he grasped, the crupper clasped,
  And leaped up from the ground,
All smart and spruce: the girth was loose,
  He turned the saddle round.

Then down he came, the scoff and shame
Of all the standers-by;
Poor Dick, alack! upon his back,
Beneath the horse did lie.

Still slow and sure, success secure,
And be not over quick;
For method's sake, a warning take
From hasty Nimble Dick.

Adelaide O'Keeffe.

THE VILLAGE GREEN.

On the cheerful Village Green,
Scattered round with houses neat,
All the boys and girls are seen,
Playing there with busy feet.

Now they frolic hand in hand,
Making many a merry chain;
Then they form a warlike band,
Marching o'er the level plain.

Now ascends the worsted ball;
High it rises in the air;
Or against the cottage wall
Up and down it bounces there.

Or the hoop, with even pace,
Runs before the merry crowd;
Joy is seen in every face,
Joy is heard in clamours loud.

For among the rich or gay,
  Fine, and grand, and decked in laces,
None appear more glad than they,
  With happier hearts or happier faces.

Then, contented with my state,
  Let me envy not the great,
Since true pleasure may be seen
  On a cheerful Village Green.

Jane Taylor.

WHICH WAY DOES THE WIND BLOW?

WHICH way does the wind blow,
  Which way does he go?
He rides over the water,
  He rides over snow;

O'er wood and o'er valley,
  And o'er rocky height,
Which the goat cannot traverse,
  He taketh his flight.

He rages and tosses
  In every bare tree,
As, if you look upwards,
  You plainly may see.

But whence he both cometh
  And whither he goes,
There's never a scholar
  In England that knows.

Lucy Aikin.

A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray:
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

Charles Kingsley.

BIRDS.

Birds are singing round my window,
Tunes the sweetest ever heard,
And I hang my cage there daily,
But I never catch a bird.

So with thoughts my brain is peopled,
And they sing there all day long:
But they will not fold their pinions
In the little cage of Song!

Richard H. Stoddard.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel.
And the former called the latter "Little prig";
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;

But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year,
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry:
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

BABY MAY.

Cheeks as soft as July peaches;
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness; round large eyes
Ever great with new surprise.
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness,
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness,
Happy smiles and wailing cries,
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes.
Lights and shadows swifter form
Than on wind-swept autumn corn,
Ever some new tiny notion,
Making every limb all motion,
Catchings up of legs and arms,
Throwings back and small alarms,

Clutching fingers—straightening jerks,
Twining feet, whose each toe works,
Kickings up and straining risings,
Mother's ever new surprisings.
Hands all wants, and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under.
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings,
That have more of love than lovings.
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness, that we prize such sinning.

William Cox Bennett.

THE POND.

THERE was a round pond, and a pretty pond too,
About it white daisies and butter-flowers grew;
And dark weeping willows that stoop to the ground,
Dipped in their long branches and shaded it round.

A party of ducks to this pond would repair,
To feast on the green water-weeds that grew there:
Indeed, the assembly would frequently meet,
To talk over affairs in this pleasant retreat.

Now, the subjects on which they were wont to converse,
I'm sorry I cannot include in my verse;
For though I've oft listened, in hopes of discerning,
I own 'tis a matter that baffles my learning.

One day a young chicken that lived thereabout,
Stood watching to see the ducks pass in and out;
Now standing tail upward, now diving below;
She thought of all things she should like to do so.

So this foolish chicken began to declare,
"I've really a great mind to venture in there;
My mother oft tells me I must not go nigh,
But then, for my part, I can never tell why.

"Wings and feathers have ducks, and so have I too;
And my feet, what's the reason that they will not do?
Though *my* beak is pointed, and *their* beaks are round,
Is that any reason that I should be drowned?

"So why should not I swim as well as a duck?
Suppose that I venture, and e'en try my luck!
For," said she (spite of all that her mother had taught her),
"I am so remarkably fond of the water."

So in this poor ignorant creature flew,
But soon found her dear mother's cautions were true;
She splashed and she dashed and she turned herself round,
And heartily wished herself safe on the ground.

But 'twas too late to begin to repent,
The harder she struggled the deeper she went;
And when every effort she vainly had tried,
She slowly sunk down to the bottom and died!

The ducks, I perceived, began loudly to quack,
When they saw the poor fowl floating dead on its back;
And by their grave gestures and looks 'twas apparent
They discoursed on the sin of not minding a parent.

Jane Taylor.

GOOD KING WENCESLAS.

Good King Wenceslas looked out
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep, and crisp, and even.
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gath'ring winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain:
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither:
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."
Page and monarch, forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."

"Mark my footsteps, good my page;
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

Old Carol.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL. *

As Joseph was a-walking,
He heard an angel sing,
"This night shall be the birth-time
Of Christ, the heavenly king.

"He neither shall be born
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of paradise,
But in an ox's stall.

"He neither shall be clothèd
In purple nor in pall,
But in the fair white linen
That usen babies all.

* From the "Cherry-Tree Carol."

"He neither shall be rockèd
In silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden manger
That resteth on the mould."

As Joseph was a-walking,
There did an angel sing,
"And Mary's child at midnight
Was born to be our King.

Then be ye glad, good people,
This night of all the year,
And light ye up your candles,
For His star it shineth clear."

Edited by E. F. Rimbault.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

THE Humming-bird! the Humming-bird!
So fairy-like and bright;
It lives among the sunny flowers,
A creature of delight!

In the radiant islands of the East,
Where fragrant spices grow,
A thousand thousand Humming-birds
Go glancing to and fro.

Like living fires they flit about,
Scarce larger than a bee,
Among the broad palmetto leaves,
And through the fan-palm tree.

And in those wild and verdant woods,
  Where stately moras tower,
Where hangs from branching tree to tree
  The scarlet passion-flower;

Where on the mighty river banks,
  La Plate and Amazon,
The cayman, like an old tree trunk,
  Lies basking in the sun;

There builds her nest the Humming-bird,
  Within the ancient wood—
Her nest of silky cotton down,
  And rears her tiny brood.

She hangs it to a slender twig,
  Where waves it light and free,
As the campanero tolls his song,
  And rocks the mighty tree.

All crimson is her shining breast,
  Like to the red, red rose;
Her wing is the changeful green and blue
  That the neck of the peacock shows.

Thou, happy, happy Humming-bird,
  No winter round thee lowers;
Thou never saw'st a leafless tree,
  Nor land without sweet flowers.

A reign of summer joyfulness
  To thee for life is given;
Thy food, the honey from the flower,
  Thy drink, the dew from heaven!

Mary Howitt.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER.

THE sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might;
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done—
"It's very rude of him," she said,
"To come and spoil the fun."

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "it would be grand!"

"If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech.
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

If seven maids
with seven mops
Swept it for half
a year,

The Walrus and the Carpenter
  Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
  Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
  And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
  "To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—
  Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
  And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
  "Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
  And all of us are fat!"
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter,
  They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
  "Is chiefly what we need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
  Are very good indeed—
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,
  We can begin to feed."

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
  Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
  A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said,
  "Do you admire the view?

"It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"Cut us another slice;
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

Lewis Carroll.

FATHER IS COMING.

THE clock is on the stroke of six,
The father's work is done;
Sweep up the hearth, and mend the fire,
And put the kettle on:
The wild night-wind is blowing cold,
'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.

He is crossing o'er the wold apace,
He is stronger than the storm;
He does not feel the cold, not he,
His heart it is so warm;
For father's heart is stout and true
As ever human bosom knew.

He makes all toil, all hardship light;
Would all men were the same!
So ready to be pleased, so kind,
So very slow to blame!
Folks need not be unkind, austere;
For love hath readier will than fear.

Nay, do not close the shutters, child,
For far along the lane
The little window looks, and he
Can see its shining plain;
I've heard him say he loves to mark
The cheerful firelight, through the dark.

And we'll do all that father likes;
His wishes are so few;
Would they were more; that every hour
Some wish of his I knew!
I'm sure it makes a happy day,
When I can please him any way.

I know he's coming by this sign,
That baby's almost wild,
See how he laughs, and crows, and stares—
Heaven bless the merry child!
His father's self in face and limb,
And father's heart is strong in him.

Hark! hark! I hear his footsteps now,
He's through the garden gate;
Run, little Bess, and ope the door,
And do not let him wait.
Shout, baby, shout! and clap thy hands,
For father on the threshold stands.

Mary Howitt.

CASABIANCA.

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though childlike form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud—"Say, father, say
If yet my task be done!"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair;
And looked from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea,

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young faithful heart.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

KING BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

KING BRUCE of Scotland flung himself down
In lonely mood to think;
'Tis true he was monarch, and wore a crown,
But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed,
To make his people glad;
He had tried, and tried, but couldn't succeed;
And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair,
As grieved as man could be;
And after a while as he pondered there,
"I'll give it all up," said he.

Now just at that moment a spider dropped
With its silken cobweb clue;
And the king in the midst of his thinking stopped
To see what that spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,
And it hung by a rope so fine;
That how it would get to its cobweb home
King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl
  Straight up with strong endeavour;
But down it came with a slippery sprawl,
  As near the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, not a second it stayed
  To utter the least complaint;
Till it fell still lower, and there it laid,
  A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went,
  And travelled a half-yard higher;
'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,
  A road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell and swung below,
  But again it quickly mounted;
Till up and down, now fast, now slow,
  Nine brave attempts were counted.

"Sure," cried the King, "that foolish thing
  Will strive no more to climb;
When it toils so hard to reach and cling,
  And tumbles every time."

But up the insect went once more,
  Ah me! 'tis an anxious minute;
He's only a foot from his cobweb door,
  Oh, say will he lose or win it!

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch
  Higher and higher he got;
And a bold little run at the very last pinch
  Put him into his native cot.

"Bravo, bravo!" the King cried out,
"All honour to those who *try;*
The spider up there defied despair;
He conquered, and why shouldn't I?"

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,
And gossips tell the tale,
That he tried once more as he tried before,
And that time did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all ye who read,
And beware of saying, "I *can't;*"
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead
To Idleness, Folly, and Want.

Whenever you find your heart despair
Of doing some goodly thing;
Con over this strain, try bravely again,
And remember the Spider and King.

Eliza Cook.

WE ARE SEVEN.

A SIMPLE Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little Cottage Girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair,
—Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell;"
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea;
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?"

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied;
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain,
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide;
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply,
"Oh, master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

William Wordsworth.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be,
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The good old Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surges' swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck
And he fixed his eye on a darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock,
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore;
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock;
Cried they, "It is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph, the Rover tore his hair,
He cursed himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell
The fiends below were ringing his knell.

Robert Southey

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
  His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
  He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
  For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
  You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
  With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
  When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
  Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
  And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
  Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
  And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
  He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
  And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
  Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
  How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
  A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

H. W. Longfellow.

THE BOY AND THE SKYLARK.

"A WICKED action fear to do,
When you are by yourself; for though
You think you can conceal it,
A little bird that's in the air
The hidden trespass shall declare,
And openly reveal it."

Richard the saying oft had heard,
Until the sight of any bird
Would set his heart a-quaking;
He saw a host of wingéd spies
For ever o'er him in the skies,
Note of his actions taking.

This pious precept, while it stood
In his remembrance, kept him good
When nobody was by him:
For though no human eye was near,
Yet Richard still did wisely fear
The little bird should spy him.

But best resolves will sometimes sleep;
Poor frailty will not always keep
From that which is forbidden;
And Richard one day left alone,
Laid hands on something not his own,
And hoped the theft was hidden.

His conscience slept a day or two,
As it is very apt to do
When we with pains suppress it;
And though at times a slight remorse
Would raise a pang, it had not force
To make him yet confess it.

When on a day, as he abroad
Walked by his mother, in the road
He heard a skylark singing;
Smit with the sound, a flood of tears
Proclaimed the superstitious fears
His inmost bosom wringing.

His mother, wondering, saw him cry,
And fondly asked the reason why;
Then Richard made confession,
And said, he feared the little bird
He singing in the air had heard
Was telling his transgression.

The words which Richard spoke below,
As sounds by nature upwards go,
  Were to the skylark carried;
The airy traveller with surprise
To hear his sayings, in the skies
  On his mid journey tarried.

His anger then the bird expressed:
"Sure, since the day I left the nest
  I ne'er heard folly uttered
So fit to move a skylark's mirth,
As what this little son of earth
  Hath in his crossness muttered.

"Dull fool! to think we sons of air
On man's low actions waste a care,
  His virtues or his vices;
Or soaring on the summer gales,
That we should stop to carry tales
  Of him or his devices!

"Our songs are all of the delights
We find in our wild airy flights,
  And heavenly exaltation;
The earth you mortals have at heart
Is all too gross to have a part
  In skylarks' conversation."

Charles and Mary Lamb.

A BOY'S SONG.

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

James Hogg.

THE PRIEST AND THE MULBERRY-TREE.

DID you hear of the curate who mounted his mare,
And merrily trotted along to the fair?
Of creature more tractable none ever heard,
In the height of her speed she would stop at a word;
But again with a word, when the curate said, "Hey,"
She put forth her mettle and galloped away.

As near to the gates of the city he rode,
While the sun of September all brilliantly glowed,
The good priest discovered, with eyes of desire,
A mulberry-tree in a hedge of wild briar;
On boughs long and lofty, in many a green shoot,
Hung large, black, and glossy, the beautiful fruit.

The curate was hungry and thirsty to boot;
He shrunk from the thorns, though he longed for the fruit;
With a word he arrested his courser's keen speed,
And he stood up erect on the back of his steed;
On the saddle he stood while the creature stood still,
And he gathered the fruit till he took his good fill.

"Sure never," he thought, "was a creature so rare,
So docile, so true, as my excellent mare;
Lo, here now I stand," and he gazed all around,
"As safe and as steady as if on the ground;
Yet how had it been, if some traveller this way,
Had, dreaming no mischief, but chanced to cry, Hey?"

He stood with his head in the mulberry-tree,
And he spoke out aloud in his fond reverie;
At the sound of the word the good mare made a push,
And down went the priest in the wild-briar bush.
He remembered too late, on his thorny green bed,
Much that well may be thought cannot wisely be said.

T. L. Peacock.

OLD DOBBIN.

HERE'S a song for old Dobbin whose temper and worth
Are too rare to be spurned on the score of his birth.
He's a creature of trust, and what more should we heed?
'Tis deeds, and not blood, make the man and the steed.

He was bred in the forest, and turned on the plain,
Where the thistle-burs clung to his fetlocks and mane,
All ugly and rough, not a soul could espy
The spark of good-nature that dwelt in his eye.

The summer had waned and the autumn months rolled
Into those of stern winter, all dreary and cold;
But the north wind might whistle, the snowflake might dance,
The colt of the common was left to his chance.

Half-starved and half-frozen, the hail-storm would pelt
Till his shivering limbs told the pangs that he felt;
But we pitied the brute, and though laughed at by all,
We filled him a manger and gave him a stall.

He was fond as a spaniel, and soon he became
The pride of the herd-boy, the pet of the dame;
'Tis well that his market price cannot be known;
But we christened him Dobbin, and called him our own.

He grew out of colthood, and, lo! what a change!
The knowing ones said it was "mortally strange";
For the foal of the forest, the colt of the waste
Attracted the notice of jockeys of taste.

The line of his symmetry was not exact,
But his paces were clever, his mould was compact;
And his shaggy thick coat now appeared with a gloss,
Shining out like the gold that's been purged of its dross.

We broke him for service, and tamely he wore
Girth and rein, seeming proud of the thraldom he bore;
Each farm, it is known, must possess an "odd" steed,
And Dobbin was ours, for all times and all need.

He carried the master to barter his grain,
And ever returned with him safely again;
There was merit in that, for—deny it who may—
When the master could *not* Dobbin *could* find his way.

The dairy-maid ventured her eggs on his back,
'Twas him, and him only, she'd trust with the pack;
The team-horses jolted, the roadster played pranks;
So Dobbin alone had her faith and her thanks.

We fun-loving urchins would group by his side;
We might fearlessly mount him, and daringly ride;
We might creep through his legs, we might plait his
long tail,
But his temper and patience were ne'er known to fail.

We would brush his bright hide till t'was free from a
speck,
We kissed his brown muzzle, and hugged his thick
neck;
Oh! we prized him like life, and a heart-breaking sob
Ever burst when they threatened to sell our dear Dob.

He stood to the collar, and tugged up the hill,
With the pigs to the market, the grist to the mill;
With saddle or halter, in shaft or in trace,
He was staunch to his work, and content with his place.

When the hot sun was crowning the toil of the year,
He was sent to the reapers with ale and good cheer;
And none in the corn-field more welcome were seen
Than Dob and his well-laden panniers, I ween.

Oh! those days of pure bliss shall I ever forget,
When we decked out his head with the azure rosette?
All frantic with joy to be off to the fair,
With Dobbin, good Dobbin, to carry us there?

He was dear to us all, ay, for many long years;—
But, mercy! how's this? my eyes filling with tears!
Oh, how cruelly sweet are the echoes that start
When memory plays an old tune on the heart.

There are drops on my cheek, there's a throb in my breast,
But my song shall not cease, nor my pen take its rest,
Till I tell that old Dobbin still lives to be seen
With his oats in the stable, his tares on the green.

His best years have gone by, and the master who gave
The stern yoke to his youth has enfranchised the slave;
So browse on, my old Dobbin, nor dream of the knife,
For the wealth of a king should not purchase thy life.

Eliza Cook.

THE DOG OF REFLECTION.

A DOG growing thinner, for want of a dinner,
Once purloined a joint from a tray;
"How happy I am, with this shoulder of lamb!"
Thought the cur, as he trotted away.

But the way that he took lay just over a brook,
Which he found it was needful to cross,
So, without more ado, he plunged in to go through,
Not dreaming of danger or loss.

But what should appear, in this rivulet clear,
As he thought upon coolest reflection,
But a cur like himself, who with ill-gotten pelf,
Had run off in that very direction.

Thought the dog, à propos! but that instant let go
(As he snatched at this same water-spaniel),
The piece he possessed—so, with hunger distressed,
He slowly walked home to his kennel.

Hence, when we are needy, don't let us be greedy
(Excuse me this line of digression),
Lest in snatching at all, like the dog we let fall
The good that we have in possession.

Jeffreys Taylor.

NO, THANK YOU, TOM.

THEY met, when they were girl and boy,
Going to school one day,
And, "Won't you take my peg-top, dear?"
Was all that he could say.
She bit her little pinafore,
Close to his side she came;
She whispered, "No! no, thank you, Tom,"
But took it all the same.

They met one day, the self-same way,
When ten swift years had flown;
He said, "I've nothing but my heart,
But that is yours alone.
And won't you take my heart?" he said,
And called her by her name;
She blushed, and said, "No, thank you, Tom,"
But took it all the same.

And twenty, thirty, forty years
Have brought them care and joy;
She has the little peg-top still
He gave her when a boy.
"I've had no wealth, sweet wife," said he;
"I've never brought you fame;"
She whispers, "No! no, thank you, Tom,
You've loved me all the same."

Fred. E. Weatherly.

SHEPHERD BOY'S SONG.

He that is down needs fear no fall;
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his Guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.

Fulness to such a burden is,
That go on pilgrimage:
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

John Bunyan.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
With his pipe in his mouth,
And watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old sailòr,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the North-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughtèr,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell, on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the waves
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
  She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
  Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
  Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her sides
  Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
  With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
  Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach
  A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
  Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
  The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair like the brown sea-weed
  On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
  In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
  On the reef of Norman's Woe!

H. W. Longfellow.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory!

Charles Wolfe.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou; "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel.—Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray, thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed—
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

Leigh Hunt.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail:
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

George Gordon Byron.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as, perhaps, he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon

To see your flag-bird flap his vans,
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The Chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The Chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, sire!" And, his Chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

Robert Browning.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening—
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And, with a natural sigh—
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in the great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes—
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a childing mother there,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won—
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After every famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay—nay—my little girl!" quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the duke,
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 'twas a famous victory."

Robert Southey.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he:
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffield, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mechelm church-steeple we heard the half chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent
back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay
spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her.
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick
wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering
knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like
chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her
fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-socket's rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

Robert Browning.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little head-stone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding,
The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

James Russell Lowell.

THE SNOW-FLAKE.

"Now, if I fall, will it be my lot
To be cast in some low and lonely spot,
To melt and sink unseen or forgot?
And then will my course be ended?"
'Twas thus a feathery Snow-flake said,
As through the measureless space it strayed,
Or, as half by dalliance, half afraid,
It seemed in mid-air suspended.

"Oh, no," said the Earth, "thou shalt not lie,
Neglected and lone, on my lap to die,
Thou pure and delicate child of the sky,
For thou wilt be safe in my keeping;
But then I must give thee a lovelier form;
Thou'lt not be a part of the wintry storm,
But revive when the sunbeams are yellow and warm
And the flowers from my bosom are peeping.

"And then thou shalt have thy choice to be
Restored in the lily that decks the lea,
In the jessamine bloom, the anemone,
Or aught of thy spotless whiteness;
To melt, and be cast, in a glittering bead,
With the pearls that the night scatters over the mead
In the cup where the bee and the firefly feed,
Regaining thy dazzling brightness;

"To wake and be raised from thy transient sleep,
When Viola's mild blue eye shall weep,
In a tremulous tear, or a diamond leaf
In a drop from the unlocked fountain;

Or, leaving the valley, the meadow, and heath,
The streamlet, the flowers, and all beneath,
To go and be wove in the silvery wreath
Encircling the brow of the mountain.

"Or wouldst thou return to a home in the skies,
To shine in the iris I'll let thee arise,
And appear in the many and glorious dyes
A pencil of sunbeams is blending.
But true, fair thing, as my name is Earth,
I'll give thee a new and vernal birth,
When thou shalt recover thy primal worth,
And never regret descending."

"Then I will drop," said the trusting flake;
"But bear it in mind that the choice I make
Is not in the flowers nor dew to awake,
Nor the mist that shall pass with the morning:
For, things of thyself, they expire with thee;
But those that are lent from on high, like me,
They rise and will live, from the dust set free,
To the regions above returning.

"And if true to thy word, and just thou art,
Like the spirit that dwells in the holiest heart,
Unsullied by thee, thou wilt let me depart,
And return to my native heaven;
For I would be placed in the beautiful bow,
From time to time, in thy sight to glow,
So thou mayest remember the flake of snow
By the promise that God hath given."

Hannah Flagg Gould.

THE PARROT.

A PARROT, from the Spanish main,
Full young and early caged came o'er,
With bright wings, to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's shore.

To spicy groves where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of turf,
A heathery land and misty sky,
And turned on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye.

But petted in our climate cold,
He lived and chattered many a day:
Until with age, from green and gold
His wings grew gray.

At last when blind, and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore;

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech,
The bird in Spanish speech replied;
Flapped round the cage with joyous screech,
Dropped down, and died.

Thomas Campbell.

THE IVY GREEN.

O, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he!
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
To his friend, the huge oak-tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
And he joyously twines and hugs around
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations scattered been;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the ivy's food at last.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Charles Dickens.

THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
Any many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

Alfred Tennyson.

THE LION AND THE CUB.

A LION cub, of sordid mind
Avoided all the lion kind;
Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
Of vulgar and ignoble beasts;
With asses all his time he spent,
Their club's perpetual president.
He caught their manners, looks, and airs;
An ass in everything but ears!
If e'er his Highness meant a joke,
They grinned applause before he spoke;
But at each word what shouts of praise;
Goodness! how natural he brays!
Elate with flattery and conceit,
He seeks his royal sire's retreat;
Forward and fond to show his parts,
His Highness brays; the lion starts.
"Puppy! that cursed vociferation
Betrays thy life and conversation:
Coxcombs, an ever-noisy race,
Are trumpets of their own disgrace.
"Why so severe?" the cub replies;
"Our senate always held me wise!"
"How weak is pride," returns the sire:
"All fools are vain when fools admire!
But know, what stupid asses prize,
Lions and noble beasts despise."

John Gay.

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

HIGHER, higher will we climb
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story;
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil
Win from school and college;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward may we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty.
Minds are of celestial birth,
Make we then a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit,
In the wildest weather;
Oh, they wander wide who roam
For the joys of life from home!

James Montgomery.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark;
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent—
"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
"As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the self-same power divine,
Taught you to sing, and me to shine;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night."
The songster heard his short oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

William Cowper.

THE OAK AND THE BEECH.

FOR the tender beech and the sapling oak,
That grew by the shadowy rill,
You may cut down both at a single stroke,
You may cut down which you will.

But this you must know, that as long as they grow,
Whatever change may be,
You can never teach either oak or beech
To be aught but a greenwood tree.

Thomas Love Peacock.

THE BLIND HIGHLAND BOY.

HE ne'er had seen one earthly sight;
The sun, the day; the stars, the night;
Or tree, or butterfly, or flower,
Or fish in stream, or bird in bower,
Or woman, man, or child.

And yet he neither drooped nor pined,
Nor had a melancholy mind;
For God took pity on the boy,
And was his friend; and gave him joy
Of which we nothing know.

His mother, too, no doubt, above
Her other children him did love!
For, was she here, or was she there,
She thought of him with constant care,
And more than mother's love.

And proud was she of heart, when, clad
In crimson stockings, tartan plaid,
And bonnet with a feather gay,
To Kirk he on the Sabbath day,
Went hand in hand with her.

A dog, too, had he; not for need,
But one to play with and to feed;
Which would have led him, if bereft
Of company or friends, and left
Without a better guide.

And then the bagpipes he could blow;
And thus from house to house would go,
And all were pleased to hear and see;
For none made sweeter melody
Than did the poor blind boy.

William Wordsworth.

THE MILKMAID.

A MILKMAID, who posed a full pail on her head,
Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said:
"Let me see—I should think that this milk will procure
One hundred good eggs, or fourscore, to be sure.

"Well then—stop a bit—it must not be forgotten,
Some of these may be broken, and some may be rotten;
But if twenty for accident should be detached,
It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.

"Well, sixty sound eggs—no, sound chickens, I mean:
Of these some may die—we'll suppose seventeen.
Seventeen! not so many—say ten at the most,
Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.

"But then, there's their barley, how much will they need?
Why, they take but one grain at a time when they feed—
So that's a mere trifle; now then, let us see,
At a fair market price, how much money there'll be.

Six shillings a pair—five—four—three-and-six.
To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix:
Now what will that make? fifty chickens, I said—
Fifty times three-and-sixpence—*I'll ask brother Ned.*

"O! but stop—three and sixpence a *pair* I must sell 'em;
Well, a pair is a couple—now then let us tell 'em;
A couple in fifty will go—(my poor brain!)
Why, just a score times, and five pair will remain.

Twenty-five pair of fowls—now how tiresome it is
That I can't reckon up such money as this!
Well, there's no use in trying, so let's give a guess—
I'll say twenty pounds, *and it can't be no less.*

"Twenty pounds, I am certain, will buy me a cow,
Thirty geese and two turkeys—eight pigs and a sow;
Now if these turn out well, at the end of the year,
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, 'tis clear."

Forgetting her burden, when this she had said,
The maid superciliously tossed up her head;
When, alas! for her prospects—her milk-pail descended,
And so all her schemes for the future were ended.

This moral, I think, may be safely attached,—
"Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched."

Jeffreys Taylor.

JOHN GILPIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band Captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear:
Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we.

He soon replied:—I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend, the Callender,
Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mistress Gilpin:—That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in,
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels;
Were never folks so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side,
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got in haste to ride,
But soon came down again.

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When turning round his head he saw
Two customers come in.

So down he came, for loss of time
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came downstairs,
The wine is left behind.

Good lack! quoth he, yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.

Now Mistress Gilpin, careful soul,
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak well-brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, Fair and softly! John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all,
And every soul cried out, Well done!
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around,
He carries weight, he rides a race,
'Tis for a thousand pound.

And still as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced,
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house—
They all at once did cry,
The dinner waits, and we are tired;
Said Gilpin:—So am I!

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there,
For why? his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew
Shot by an archer strong,
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the Callender's
His horse at last stood still.

The Callender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:—

What news? what news? your tidings tell,
Tell me you must and shall—
Say, why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke,
And thus unto the Callender
In merry guise he spoke:—

I came because your horse would come;
And if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road.

The Callender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in.

Whence straight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit,
My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away,
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.

Said John:—It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton
And I should dine at Ware.

So turning to his horse, he said:—
I am in haste to dine,
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.

Ah, luckless speech, and luckless boast!
For which he paid full dear,
For while he spake a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear.

Wherat his horse did snort as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why? they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well.

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain,
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein.

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry.

Stop thief!—stop thief!—a highwayman!
Not one of them was mute,
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space,
The toll-men thinking as before
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did and won it too,
For he got first to town,
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

—Now let us sing, Long live the king,
And Gilpin long live he,
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

William Cowper.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

THOSE evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone—
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

Thomas Moore.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lie i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

William Shakespeare.

THE BELLS.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
  The faithless coldness of the times;
  Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
  The civic slander and the spite;
  Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
  Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
  Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
  The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
  Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Alfred Tennyson.

LUCY GRAY.

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray:
  And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
  She dwelt on a wide moor,
—The sweetest thing that ever grew
  Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, Father, will I gladly do:
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon!"

At this the Father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot-band;
He plied his work;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time,
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet!"
—When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall;

And then an open field they crossed:
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

William Wordsworth.

THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

"AND wherefore do the poor complain?"
The rich man asked of me;—
"Come walk abroad with me," I said,
"And I will answer thee."

'Twas evening, and the frozen streets
Were cheerless to behold,
And we were wrapped and coated well,
And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old bare-headed man,
His locks were few and white,
I asked him what he did abroad
In that cold winter's night.

'Twas bitter keen, indeed, he said,
But at home no fire had he,
And therefore he had come abroad
To ask for charity.

We met a young barefooted child,
And she begged loud and bold;
I asked her what she did abroad
When the wind it blew so cold.

She said her father was at home,
And he lay sick in bed,
And therefore was it she was sent
Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down
  Upon a stone to rest,
She had a baby at her back
  And another at her breast.

I asked her why she loitered there,
  When the night-wind was so chill;—
She turned her head and bade the child
  That screamed behind be still.

She told us that her husband served,
  A soldier, far away,
And therefore to her parish she
  Was begging back her way.

I turned me to the rich man then,
  For silently stood he,—
"You asked me why the poor complain,
  And these have answered thee!"

Robert Southey.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember
  The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
  Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
  Nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
  Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
  The roses, red and white,
The vi'lets, and the lily-cups,
  Those flowers made of light!

The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heav'n
Than when I was a boy.

Thomas Hood.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

THE Minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.—
"Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the brave and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

Thomas Moore.

THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS.

We walked along, while bright and red
Uprose the morning sun:
And Matthew stopped, he looked, and said,
"The will of God be done!"

A village schoolmaster was he,
With hair of glittering gray;
As blithe a man as you could see
On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass,
And by the steaming rills,
We travelled merrily, to pass
A day among the hills.

"Our work," said I, "was well begun;
Then, from thy breast what thought,
Beneath so beautiful a sun,
So sad a sigh has brought?"

A second time did Matthew stop;
And fixing still his eye
Upon the eastern mountain-top,
To me he made reply:

"Yon cloud with that long purple cleft
Brings fresh into my mind
A day like this which I have left
Full thirty years behind.

"And just above yon slope of corn
Such colours, and no other,
Were in the sky, that April morn,
Of this the very brother.

"With rod and line I sued the sport
Which that sweet season gave,
And, to the churchyard come, stopped short
Beside my daughter's grave.

"Nine summers had she scarcely seen,
The pride of all the vale:
And then she sang;—she would have been
A very nightingale.

"Six feet in earth my Emma lay;
And yet I loved her more,
For so it seemed, than till that day
I e'er had loved before.

"And, turning from her grave, I met,
Beside the church-yard yew,
A blooming girl, whose hair was wet
With points of morning dew.

"A basket on her head she bare;
Her brow was smooth and white:
To see a child so very fair
It was a pure delight!

"No fountain from its rocky cave
E'er tripped with foot so free;
She seemed as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea.

"There came from me a sigh of pain
Which I could ill confine;
I looked at her, and looked again,
And did not wish her mine!"

Matthew is in his grave, yet now,
Methinks I see him stand,
As at that moment, with a bough
Of wilding in his hand.

William Wordsworth.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

AMONG the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all;
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant ledge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep;
In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep;
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.
Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

Alice Cary.

THE TIGER.

TIGER! Tiger! burning bright,
In the forest of the night;
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned the ardor of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand forged thy dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,
In the forest of the night;
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

William Blake.

TELLING THE BEES.

HERE is the place; right over the hill
Runs the path I took;
You can see the gap in the old wall still,
And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-barred,
And the poplars tall;
And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-yard,
And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the beehives ranged in the sun;
And down by the brink
Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-o'errun,
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,
Heavy and slow;
And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,
And the same brook sings of a year ago.

There's the same sweet clover smell in the breeze,
And the June sun warm
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care
From my Sunday coat
I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed my hair,
And cooled at the brookside my brow and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed,—
To love, a year;
Down through the beeches I looked at last
On the little red gate and the well-sweep near.

I can see it all now,—the slantwise rain
Of light through the leaves,
The sundown's blaze on her window pane,
The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before,—
The house and the trees,
The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door,—
Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,
Forward and back,
Went drearily singing the chore-girl small,
Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling, I listened; the summer sun
Had the chill of snow;
For I knew she was telling the bees of one
Gone the journey we all must go!

Then I said to myself, "My Mary weeps
For the dead to-day:
Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps
The fret and the pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low; on the doorway still,
With his cane to his chin,
The old man sat; and the chore-girl still
Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing, ever since
In my ear sounds on:—
"Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence!
Mistress Mary is dead and gone!"

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet Vision I saw;
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:
'Twas autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay—stay with us!—rest! thou art weary and worn!"—
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

Thomas Campbell.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

Chorus.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

And here's a hand, my trusty fier,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught
For auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak' a cup of kindness yet
For auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

Robert Burns.

PART THREE

FOR THE OLDER ONES

HOME, SWEET HOME.*

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain!
O give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly that came at my call;—
Give me them! and the peace of mind dearer than all!
Home! home! *etc.*

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile!
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh, give me, the pleasures of home!
Home! home! *etc.*

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
Home! home! *etc.*

John Howard Payne.

* From the Opera of "Clari, the Maid of Milan."

AMERICA.

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side,
Let Freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet Freedom's Song;
Let mortal tongue awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Our glorious Land to-day,
'Neath Education's sway,
Soars upward still.
Its hall of learning fair,
Whose bounties all may share,
Behold them everywhere,
On vale and hill.

Thy safeguard, Liberty,
The school shall ever be,—
Our Nation's pride!
No tyrant hand shall smite,
While with encircling might
All here are taught the Right,
With Truth allied.

Beneath Heaven's gracious will
The star of progress still
Our course doth sway;
In unity sublime
To broader heights we climb,
Triumphant over Time,
God speeds our way!

Grand birthright of our sires,
Our altars and our fires,
Keep we still pure!
Our starry flag unfurled,
The hope of all the world,
In Peace and Light impearled,
God hold secure!

Samuel Francis Smith.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the clouds of the fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust:"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Francis Scott Key.

YANKEE DOODLE. (Old Dutch Version)

YANKEE DOODLE went to town upon a little pony,
He stuck a feather in his hat and called it macaroni.
Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step
And with the girls be handy.

YANKEE DOODLE.

ONCE on a time old Johnny Bull flew in a raging fury
And swore that Jonathan should have no trials, sir, by jury;
Then down he sate in burly state and blustered like a grandee,
And in derision made a tune called "Yankee Doodle Dandy,"

That no elections should be held across the briny waters;
"And now," said he, "I'll tax the tea of all his sons and daughters.
Yankee doodle, these are facts, Yankee doodle dandy,
My son of wax, your tea I'll tax, you Yankee doodle dandy."

John sent the tea from o'er the sea, with heavy duties rated,
But whether hyson or bohea I never heard it stated.
Then Jonathan to pout began,—he laid a strong embargo,
"I'll drink no tea, by Jove!" so he threw overboard the cargo.
Then Johnny sent a regiment, big words and looks to bandy,
Whose martial band, when near the land, played "Yankee Doodle Dandy."
"Yankee doodle, keep it up, Yankee doodle dandy,
I'll poison with a tax your cup, you—Yankee doodle dandy."

A long war then they had in which John was at last defeated,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the march to which his troops retreated.
'Cute Jonathan, to see them fly, could not restrain his laughter,
"That tune," said he, "suits to a T, I'll sing it ever after."
Old Johnny's face, to his disgrace, was flushed with beer and brandy,
E'en when he swore to sing no more this "Yankee doodle dandy."

Yankee doodle, ho, ha, he, Yankee doodle dandy,
We kept the tune but not the tea, Yankee doodle dandy.

I've told you now the origin of this most lively ditty,
Which Johnny Bull dislikes as "dull and stupid"—what a pity!
With "Hail Columbia" it is sung, in chorus full and hearty,
On land and main we breathe the strain John made for his tea party.
No matter how we rhyme the words, the music speaks them handy,
And where's the fair can't sing the air of "Yankee Doodle Dandy?"
Yankee doodle, firm and true, Yankee doodle dandy,
Yankee doodle, doodle, doo, Yankee doodle dandy.

George P. Morris.

YANKEE DOODLE. (Original Yankee Words.)

FATHER and I went down to camp
Along with Cap'n Good'in,
And there we saw the men and boys,
As thick as hasty puddin'.

CHORUS.

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we saw a thousand men
As rich as Squire David,
And what they wasted every day
I wish it could be savéd.

The 'lasses they eat every day,
Would keep a house in winter;
They have so much, that I'll be bound,
They eat it when they've a mind to.

And there I see a swampin' gun
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I went as nigh to one myself
As 'Siah's underpinning;
And father went as nigh again,
I thought the deuce was in him.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cocked it;
It scared me so I shrinked it off
And hung by father's pocket.

And Cap'n Davis had a gun,
He kind of clapt his hand on 't,
And stuck a crooked stabbin' iron,
Upon the little end on 't.

And there I see a pumpkin shell
As big as mother's basin,
And every time they touched it off
They scampered like the nation.

I see a little barrel, too,
The heads were made of leather,
They knocked on it with little clubs
And called the folks together.

And there was Cap'n Washington,
And gentle folks about him;
They say he's grown so 'tarnal proud
He will not ride without them.

He got him on his meetin' clothes
Upon a slappin' stallion;
He sat a world along in rows,
In hundreds and in millions.

The flaming ribbons in his hat,
They looked so tearin' fine, ah,
I wanted dreadfully to get,
To give to my Jemima.

I see another snarl of men,
A-diggin' graves, they told me,
So 'tarnal long, so 'tarnal deep,
They 'tended they should hold me.

It scared me so, I hooked it off
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.

Anonymous.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He has loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat:
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient time-piece says to all—
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber door—
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it stood,

And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe—
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased—
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
Oh, precious hours! Oh, golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told—
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair—
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah! when shall they all meet again!"

As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply—
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

Never here—for ever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear,—
For ever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly—
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

Henry W. Longfellow.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes:
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree:
Spring and winter,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbor,
Passing nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift, with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly wooes:
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing:
'Mid the apple boughs a pigeon cooes.
Hannah shudders,
For the mild southwester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped:
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

'Tis November,
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews.
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views.
Twenty seasons:—
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea:
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Lucy Larcom.

ALLEN-A-DALE.

Allen-a-Dale has no fagot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.
Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken my tale!
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side,
The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame;
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright:
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
The mother, she asked of his household and home:
"Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,
My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gallanter still;
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,
And with all its bright spangles!" said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone;
They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone;

But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry:
He had laughed on the lass with his bonny black eye.
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale!

Walter Scott.

EVENING.

THE sun upon the lake is low,
The wild birds hush their song;
The hills have evening's deepest glow,
Yet Leonard tarries long.
Now all whom varied toil and care
From home and love divide,
In the calm sunset may repair
Each to the loved one's side.

The noble dame on turret high,
Who waits her gallant knight,
Looks to the western beam to spy
The flash of armour bright.
The village maid, with hand on brow
The level ray to shade,
Upon the footpath watches now
For Colin's darkening plaid.

Now to their mates the wild swans row,
By day they swam apart;
And to the thicket wanders slow
The hind beside the hart.
The woodlark at his partner's side
Twitters his closing song—
All meet whom day and care divide,—
But Leonard tarries long!

Walter Scott

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still looked back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
So loth we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts, where'er we rove,
To those we've left behind us!

When, round the bowl, of vanished years
We talk, with joyous seeming,—
With smiles, that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While memory brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us!

And when, in other climes, we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss,
If Heaven had but assigned us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us!

As travellers oft look back, at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing,—

So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consigned us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

Thomas Moore.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I LOVE it—I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair!
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize—
I've bedewed it with tears, I've embalmed it with sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart,
Not a tie will break, not a link will start;
Would you learn the spell?—A mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide
With truth for my creed, and God for my Guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eyes were dim and her locks were grey,
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped,
My idol was shattered—my earth-star fled;
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

She taught me to lisp
my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that
old arm-chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nursed me—'twas there she died,
And memory flows with lava tide!
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding tears run down my cheek;
But I love it—I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from my mother's old arm-chair.

Eliza Cook.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came,
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear,—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood rang
To the anthems of the free!

The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white waves' foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim-band;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found,—
Freedom to worship God!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

NORA'S VOW.

HEAR what Highland Nora said,—
"The Earlie's son I will not wed,
Should all the race of nature die,
And none be left but he and I.
For all the gold, for all the gear,
And all the lands both far and near,
That ever valour lost or won,
I would not wed the Earlie's son."

"A maiden's vows," old Callum spoke,
"Are lightly made, and lightly broke;
The heather on the mountain's height
Begins to bloom in purple light;
The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
That lustre deep from glen and brae;
Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
May blithely wed the Earlie's son."—

"The swan," she said, "the lake's clear breast
May barter for the eagle's nest;
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn
Ben-Cruaichan fall, and crush Kilchurn;
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
Before their foes may turn and fly;
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the Earlie's son."

Still in the water-lily's shade
Her wonted nest the wild-swan made;
Ben-Cruaichan stands as fast as ever,
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river;
To shun the clash of foeman's steel,
No Highland brogue has turn'd the heel:
But Nora's heart is lost and won,
—She's wedded to the Earlie's son!

Walter Scott.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-
hood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew!

The wide-spreading pond, the mill that stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well!

Samuel Woodworth.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Someone had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
    All the world wondered;
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right through the line they broke:
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke,
    Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back but not—
    Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
    Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
    Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them—
    Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
    All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
    Noble six hundred!

Alfred Tennyson.

THE CHEER OF THOSE WHO SPEAK ENGLISH.*

THE playground is heavy with silence,
The match is almost done,
Our lads in the lengthening shadows
Work hard for one more run:
It comes; and the field is a-twinkle
With happy arms in air,
While over the ground
Rolls the masterful sound
Of victory revelling there:
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Three cheers, and a "tiger," too,
For the game we have won
And each sturdy son
Who carried the victory through!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
With clear voices uptossed
For the side that has lost,
And one cheer more
For those winning before
And all who shall ever win:
The cry that our boys send in—
The cheer of the boys who speak English!

The ships-of-the-line beat to quarters,
The drum and bugle sound,
The lanterns of battle are lighted,
"Cast off! Provide!" goes round;

* By kind permission of author.

But ere the shrill order is given
For broadsides hot with hate,
Far over the sea
Rings hearty and free
Defiance to every fate:
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Three cheers, and a "tiger," too,
For the fight to be won
And each sturdy son
Who'll carry the victory through!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
With the shout of the fleet
For foes doomed to defeat,
And one cheer more
For those winning before,
And all who shall win again:
This is the cry of our men—
The cheer of the men who speak English!

The blare of the battle is over;
The flag we love flies on;
The sailors in sorrowful quiet
Look down on comrades gone;
The tremulous prayers are ended;
The sea obtains his dead;—
Or ever the wave
Ripples over their grave,
One staunch good-bye is said:
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Three cheers, and a "tiger," too,
For the men who have won—
For each gallant son
Who gave up his life to be true!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

With the shout of the host
For the brothers we've lost,
And one cheer more
For those falling before,
And those who have yet to fall:
This is the cry of us all—
The cheer of the folk who speak English!

Wallace Rice.

NOT A STAR FROM THE FLAG SHALL FADE.

OCH! a rare ould flag was the flag we bore,
'Twas a bully ould flag, an' nice;
It had sthripes in plenty, an' shtars galore—
'Twas the broth of a purty device.
Faix, we carried it South, an' we carried it far,
An' around it our bivouacs made;
An' we swore by the shamrock that never a shtar
From its azure field should fade.
Ay, this was the oath, I tell you thrue,
That was sworn in the souls of our Boys in Blue.

The fight it grows thick, an' our boys they fall,
An' the shells like a banshee scream;
An' the flag—it is torn by many a ball,
But to yield it we never dhream.
Though pierced by bullets, yet still it bears
All the shtars in its tatthered field,
An' again the brigade, like to one man swears,
"Not a shtar from the flag we yield!"
'Twas the deep, hot oath, I tell you thrue,
They lay close to the hearts of our Boys in Blue.

Shure, the fight it was won afther many a year,
  But two-thirds of the boys who bore
That flag from their wives and sweethearts dear
  Returned to their homes no more.
They died by the bullet—disease had power,
  An' to death they were rudely tossed;
But the thought came warm in their dying hour,
  "Not a shtar from the flag is lost!"
    Then they said their Pathers and Aves through,
    An' like Irishmen died—did our Boys in Blue.

But now they tell us some shtars are gone,
  Torn out by the rebel gale;
That the shtars we fought for, the States we won,
  Are still out of the Union's pale.
May their sowls in the dioul's hot kitchen glow
  Who sing such a lyin' shtrain;
By the dead in their graves, it shall not be so—
  They shall have what they died to gain!
    All the shtars in our flag shall still shine through
    The grass growing soft o'er our Dead in Blue!

Charles G. Halpine.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

BREAK, break, break,
  On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
    And I would that my tongue could utter
  The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
  That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
  That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Alfred Tennyson.

DIXIE.

I WISH I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie Land!
In Dixie Land where I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin';
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie Land!
Den I wish I was in Dixie, hooray! hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll took my stand,
To lib and die in Dixie!
Away, away, away down South in Dixie,
Away, away, away down South in Dixie!

Old Missus marry "Will, de weaber,"
Willum was a gay deceaber;
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie Land!
But when he puts his arm around her
He smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder,
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie Land!

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But that did not seem to greab 'er;

Look away! look away! look away! Dixie Land!
Old Missus act de foolish part
An' died for a man dat broke her heart,
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie Land!

Now here's a health to de next old Missus,
And all de gals dat want to kiss us;
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie Land!
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to-morrow,
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie Land!

Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Ingen batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie Land!
Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's land I want to trabble,
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie Land!

Daniel Emmet.

DIXIE.

SOUTHRONS, hear your country call you!
Up, lest worse than death befall you!
To arms! to arms! to arms, in Dixie!
Lo! all the beacon-fires are lighted,—
Let all hearts be now united!
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! hurrah!
For Dixie's land we take our stand,
To live or die for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!

Hear the Northern thunders mutter!
Northern flags in South winds flutter!
Send them back your fierce defiance!
Stamp upon the accursed alliance!

Fear no danger! Shun no labor!
Lift up rifle, pike, and sabre!
Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,
Let the odds make each heart bolder!

How the South's great heart rejoices
At your cannon's ringing voices!
For faith betrayed, and pledges broken,
Wrongs inflicted, insults spoken.

Strong as lions, swift as eagles,
Back to their kennels hunt these beagles!
Cut the unequal bonds asunder!
Let them hence each other plunder!

Swear upon your country's altar,
Never to submit or falter,
Till the spoilers are defeated,
Till the Lord's work is completed!

Halt not till our Federation
Secures among Earth's powers its station!
Then at peace and crowned with glory,
Hear your children tell the story!

If the loved ones weep in sadness,
Victory soon shall bring them gladness,—
Exultant pride soon banish sorrow,
Smiles chase tears away to-morrow.

Albert Pike.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

THE sun shines bright in our old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corntop's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day;
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy, all bright;
By'n by hard times comes a-knockin' at the door,—
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night!
Weep no more, my lady; Oh, weep no more to-day!
We'll sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For our old Kentucky home far away!

They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door;
The day goes by, like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkeys have to part,
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night!

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend
Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days and the troubles all will end,
In the field where the sugar-canes grow.
A few more days to tote the weary load,
No matter, it will never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night!

Stephen Collins Foster.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

'WAY down upon de Swanee Ribber,
Far, far away;
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.
All de world am sad and dreary,
Eberywhere I roam,
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wandered,
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I;
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder!
Dere let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove,
When will I see de bees a-humming,
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home?

Stephen Collins Foster.

MY MARYLAND.

THE despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore,
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My mother State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!

With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe, and dashing May,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain,—
"*Sic semper!*" 'tis the proud refrain,
That baffles minions back again,
Maryland!
Arise in majesty again,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng,
Stalking with Liberty along,
And chant thy dauntless slogan-song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb,
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes! She burns! She'll come! She'll come!
Maryland, my Maryland!

James Ryder Randall.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work—work—work!
While the cock is crowing aloof;
And work—work—work
Till the stars shine through the roof!

It's O! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save
If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,—
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"O men with Sisters dear!
O men with Mothers and Wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double thread,
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death!
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.

That shattered roof,—and this naked floor,—
A table,—a broken chair,—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there.

"Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright,
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the Spring.

"O but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

"O but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief!

A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
Would that its tone could reach the Rich!
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

Thomas Hood.

THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL."

'TWAS on the shores that round our coast,
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone on a piece of stone
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he,
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
In a singular minor key:

"Oh! I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,
And so I simply said:

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

"At once a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun this painful yarn:

"'Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*
That we sailed to the Indian sea,
And there on a reef we come to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),
And only ten of the *Nancy's* men
Said 'Here!' to the muster-roll.

"There was me and the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel,
So we draw'd a lot, and accordin' shot
The captain for our meal.

The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,
And a delicate dish he made:
Then our appetite with the midshipmite,
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo's'n tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question, 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook, he worshipped me;
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

"'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom;
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be,'—
'I'm boiled if I die, my friend, quoth I;
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,
While I can—and will—cook *you!*'

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot,
And some sage and parsley too.

"'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell,
'It will soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell!'

"And he stirred it round and round and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And as I eating be
The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,
For a vessel in sight I see.

"And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never lark nor play,
But sit and croak, and a single joke
I have—which is to say:

"Oh! I am cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* Brig,
And a bo's'n tight and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

William S. Gilbert.

THE SEA-MEW.

How joyously the young sea-mew
Lay dreaming on the waters blue,
Whereon our little bark had thrown
A little shade, the only one,
But shadows ever man pursue.

Familiar with the waves and free
As if their own white foam were he,
His heart upon the heart of ocean
Lay learning all its mystic motion,
And throbbing to the throbbing sea.

We were not cruel, yet did sunder
His white wing from the blue waves under,
And bound it while his fearless eyes
Shone up to ours in calm surprise,
As deeming us some ocean wonder.

We bore our ocean bird unto
A grassy place where he might view
The flowers that curtsey to the bees,
The waving of the tall green trees,
The falling of the silver dew.

But flowers of earth were pale to him
Who had seen the rainbow fishes swim;
And when earth's dew around him lay,
He thought of ocean's wingèd spray,
And his eye waxed sad and dim.

The green trees round him only made
A prison with their darksome shade,
And drooped his wing, and mournèd he
For his own boundless glittering sea—
Albeit he knew not they could fade.

He lay down in his grief to die,
(First looking to the sea-like sky
That hath no waves,) because, alas!
Our human touch did on him pass,
And, with our touch, our agony.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;

It moves us not—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

William Wordsworth.

POCAHONTAS.

WEARIED arm and broken sword
Wage in vain the desperate fight:
Round him press a countless horde,
He is but a single knight.
Hark, a cry of triumph shrill
Through the wilderness resounds,
As with twenty bleeding wounds
Sinks the warrior fighting still.

Now they heap the fatal pyre,
And the torch of death they light;
Ah! 'tis hard to die of fire!
Who will shield the captive knight?
Round the stake with fiendish cry
Wheel and dance the savage crowd,
Cold the victim's mien and proud,
And his breast is bared to die.

Who will shield the fearless heart?
Who avert the murderous blade?
From the throng, with sudden start,
See there springs an Indian maid.
Quick she stands before the knight:
"Loose the chain, unbind the ring;
I am daughter of the king,
And I claim the Indian right!"

Dauntlessly aside she flings
Lifted axe and thirsty knife;
Fondly to his heart she clings,
And her bosom guards his life!

In the wood of Powhattan,
  Still 'tis told by Indian fires,
  How a daughter of their sires
Saved the captive Englishman.

William Makepeace Thackeray.

TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see
  You haste away so soon:
As yet the early-rising Sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
  Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
  Has run
But to the evensong;
And, having prayed together, we
  Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
  We have as short a Spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
  As you, or any thing.
  We die
As your hours do, and dry
  Away
Like to the Summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
  Ne'er to be found again.

Robert Herrick.

SONG—GATHER YE ROSEBUDS.

GATHER ye rosebuds as ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun.
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

Robert Herrick.

THE WAR HORSE.

THE fiery courser, when he hears from far
The sprightly trumpets and the shouts of war,
Pricks up his ears, and trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws, and hopes the promised fight.

On his right shoulder his thick mane reclined,
Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind.
Eager he stands—then, starting with a bound,
He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground;
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils flow,
He bears his rider headlong on the foe.

John Dryden (from Virgil.)

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

John Henry Newman.

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground—to die!
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As though she wept such waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray:
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
Restless—and soon to pass away!
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree—
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea—
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

Richard Henry Wilde.

WINTER.

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tuwhoo!
Tuwhit! tuwhoo! A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all around the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tuwhoo!
Tuwhit! tuwhoo! A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

William Shakespeare.

CHERRY RIPE.

THERE is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies blow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till Cherry Ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
  Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
  They look like rose-buds filled with snow:
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till Cherry Ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;
  Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
  All that approach with eye or hand,
These sacred cherries to come nigh,
—Till Cherry Ripe themselves do cry!

Thomas Campion.

BATHING.

THE May winds gently lift the willow leaves;
  Around the rushy point comes weltering slow
The brimming stream; alternate sinks and heaves
  The lily-bud, where small waves ebb and flow.
  Willow herb and meadow sweet!
    Ye the soft gales, that visit there,
  From your waving censers greet
    With store of freshest balmiest air.

Come bathe—the steaming noontide hour invites;
  Even in your face the sparkling waters smile—
Yet on the brink they linger, timid wights,
  Pondering and measuring; on their gaze the while
    Eddying pool and shady creek
      Darker and deeper seem to grow:
    On and onward still, they seek
      Where sports may less adventurous show.

At length the boldest springs; but ere he cleave
The flashing waters, eye and thought grow dim;
Too rash it seems, the firm green earth to leave:
Heaven is beneath him: shall he sink or swim?
Far in boundless depth he sees
The rushing clouds obey the gale,
Trembling hands and tottering knees,
All in that dizzy moment fail.

John Keble.

CUMNOR HALL.

THE dews of summer night did fall;
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies,
The sounds of busy life were still,
Save an unhappy lady's sighs
That issued from that lovely pile.

"Leicester!" she cried, "is this thy love
That thou so oft hast sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immured in shameful privity?

"No more thou com'st with lover's speed
Thy once-belovèd bride to see;
But, be she alive, or be she dead,
I fear, stern Earl, 's the same to thee.

"Not so the usage I received
When happy in my father's hall;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appal.

"I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark more blithe, no flower more gay;
And like the bird that haunts the thorn
So merrily sung the livelong day.

"If that my beauty is but small,
Among court ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
Where, scornful Earl! it well was prized?

"But, Leicester, or I much am wrong,
Or 'tis not beauty lures thy vows;
Rather, ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

"Then, Leicester, why,—again I plead,
The injured surely may repine,—
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair Princess might be thine?

"Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And oh! then leave them to decay?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave to mourn the livelong day?

"The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go;
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a Countess can have woe.

"How far less blest am I than them!
Daily to pine and waste with care!
Like the poor plant, that, from its stem
Divided, feels the chilling air.

"My spirits flag—my hopes decay—
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear:
And many a boding seems to say,
Countess, prepare, thy end is near!"

Thus sore and sad that Lady grieved
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring;
An aerial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapped its wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,
The oaks were shattered on the green;
Woe was the hour—for never more
That hapless Countess e'er was seen!

And in that manor now no more
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball:
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall;
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller oft hath sighed,
And pensive wept the Countess' fall
As wand'ring onwards they've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

W. F. Mickle.

THE HARP THAT ONCE.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells;
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks
To show that still she lives.

Thomas Moore.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

YE flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care.

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days,
When my fause luve was true.

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Frae off its thorny tree;
And my fause luver staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

Robert Burns.

THE LAST LEAF.

I SAW him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow;

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty Hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice, nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine:
"The hand that made us is divine!"

Joseph Addison.

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
And dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that!
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man, for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that,
The honest man, tho' ne'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

You see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;

For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star and a' that,
The man of independent mind
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A king can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that;
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

Robert Burns.

TWIST YE, TWINE YE.

TWIST ye, twine ye! even so,
Mingle shades of joy and woe,
Hope, and fear, and peace, and strife,
In the thread of human life.

While the mystic twist is spinning,
And the infant's life beginning,
Dimly seen through twilight bending,
Lo, what varied shapes attending!

Passions wild, and follies vain,
Pleasures soon exchanged for pain;
Doubt, and jealousy, and fear,
In the magic dance appear.

Now they wax, and now they dwindle,
Whirling with the whirling spindle.
Twist ye, twine ye! even so,
Mingle human bliss and woe.

Walter Scott.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.
Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,

To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke.
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,

And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.
Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

Joseph Rodman Drake.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:—
Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The mourning sunrays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

Francis M. Finch.

THE ARMADA.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore, in vain,
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant ship full sail to Plymouth bay;
The crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves, lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall *Pinta,* till the noon, had held her close in chase.

Forthwith a guard, at every gun, was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecombe's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing bark put out, to pry along the coast;
And with loose rein, and bloody spur, rode inland many a post.

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums;
The yeomen, round the market cross, make clear and ample space,
For there behooves him to set up the standard of Her Grace:
And haughtily the trumpets peal and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down!
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield.
So glared he when, at Agincourt, in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn, beneath his claws, the princely hunters lay.

Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, sir Knight! ho! scatter flowers, fair maids:
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute; ho! gallants, draw your blades;

Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes; waft her wide:
Our glorious *semper eadem,* the banner of our pride.

The fresh'ning breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold—
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold:
Night sunk upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea;
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright, as busy as the day;
For swift to east, and swift to west, the warning radiance spread—
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beachy Head:
Far o'er the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves,
The rugged miners poured to war, from Mendip's sunless caves;
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew,
And roused the shepherds of Stonehenge—the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town;
And, ere the day, three hundred horse had met on Clifton Down.

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill, that streak of blood-red light.
The bugle's note and cannon's roar, the death-like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.
At once, on all her stately gates, arose the answering fires;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer:
And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags dashed down each roaring street:
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in;
And eastward straight, for wild Blackheath, the warlike errand went;
And roused, in many an ancient hall, the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward, for Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright coursers forth;
High on black Hampstead's swarthy moor, they started for the north;

And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still;
All night from tower to tower they sprang; all night from hill to hill;
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Derwent's rocky dales;
Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales;
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height;
Till streamed in crimson, on the wind, the Wrekin's crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the stars came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And town and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign of Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

Thomas Babington Macaulay.

LESSONS FROM THE GORSE.

MOUNTAIN gorses, ever golden,
Cankered not the whole year long!
Do ye teach us to be strong,
Howsoever pricked and holden,
Like your thorny blooms, and so
Trodden on by rain or snow,
Up the hillside of this life, as bleak as where ye grow?

Mountain blossoms, shining blossoms,
Do ye teach us to be glad
When no summer can be had,
Blooming in our inward bosoms?
Ye whom God preserveth still,
Set as lights upon a hill,
Tokens to the wintry earth that Beauty liveth still!

Mountain gorses, do ye teach us
From that academic chair
Canopied with azure air,
That the wisest word man reaches
Is the humblest he can speak?
Ye, who live on mountain peak,
Yet live low along the ground, beside the grasses meek!

Mountain gorses, since Linnæus
Knelt beside you on the sod,
For your beauty thanking God,—
For your teaching, ye should see us
Bowing in prostration new!
Whence arisen—if one or two
Drops be on our cheeks—O world, they are not tears but dew.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

ST. SWITHIN'S CHAIR.

On Hallow-Mass Eve, ere you boune ye to rest,
Ever beware that your couch be blessed;
Sign it with cross, and sain it with bead,
Sing the Ave, and say the Creed.

For on Hallow-Mass Eve the Night-Hag will ride,
And all her ninefold sweeping on by her side,
Whether the wind sing lowly or loud,
Sailing through moonshine or swathed in the cloud.

The Lady she sate in St. Swithin's Chair,
The dew of the night has damped her hair:
Her cheek was pale—but resolved and high
Was the word of her lip and the glance of her eye.

She muttered the spell of Swithin bold,
When his naked foot traced the midnight wold,
When he stopped the Hag as she rode the night,
And bade her descend, and her promise plight.

He that dare sit on St. Swithin's Chair,
When the Night-Hag wings the troubled air,
Questions three, when he speaks the spell,
He may ask, and she must tell.

The Baron has been with King Robert his liege,
These three long years in battle and siege;
News are there none of his weal or his woe
And fain the Lady his fate would know.

She shudders and stops as the charm she speaks;—
Is it the moody owl that shrieks?
Or is that sound, betwixt laughter and scream,
The voice of the Demon who haunts the stream?

The moan of the wind sunk silent and low,
And the roaring torrent had ceased to flow;
The calm was more dreadful than raging storm,
When the cold grey mist brought the ghastly form!

Walter Scott.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring:
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast

As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozaris cheer his band;
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires,
Strike—for your altars and your fires,
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God—and your native land!"

They fought—like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
They saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought—
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought—
Come in her crowning hour—and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb;
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved and for a season gone;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;

For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babe's first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace-couch and cottage-bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears;
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's:
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain;
Where smiling spring its earliest visits paid,
And parting summer's lingering bloom delayed;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please!
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene;

How often have I paused on every charm—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn-bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blessed the coming day.
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree:
While many a pastime, circled in the shade,
The young contended as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These *were* thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Oliver Goldsmith.

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

CLOSE his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman;
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?

Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he, he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum, and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,—
What but death bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by:
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know?
Lay him low!

George H. Boker

THE EVE OF WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell:
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street.
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet!
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier, than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is the cannon's opening roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago,
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips, "The foe! They come!
They come!"

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which, now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and
low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent!

George Gordon Byron.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at arms!
So haggard and so woe begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withered too.

I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong she would bend and sing,
A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said,
"I love thee true."

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sigh'd full sore,
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

And there she lulled me asleep,
And there I dreamed—Ah! woe betide,
The latest dream I ever dreamed
On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried—"La Belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!"

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gaped wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

John Keats.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!

While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THERE ARE GAINS FOR ALL OUR LOSSES.

THERE are gains for all our losses—
There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful has vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again.

Richard H. Stoddard.

THE COUNTRY PARSON.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was, to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year,
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learnt to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending, swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed,
The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all.

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies;
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pains, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile,
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven:
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Oliver Goldsmith.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire—
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre;

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood—
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone,
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined—
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove—
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came—nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere—
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
And gained from heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode—
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

Thomas Gray.

A GARDEN.

A SENSITIVE plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
And the Spirit of Love fell everywhere;
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry nest.

* * * * *

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mix'd with fresh odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness.

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bell is seen,
Through their pavilions of tender green.

And the hyacinth, purple and white and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew,
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense.

* * * * * *

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time;
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast;
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Ottawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon:
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens, and favouring airs!
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Thomas Moore.

THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the west—
Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep;
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the rack it came rolling, up, ragged and brown.
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are watching and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep—
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep—
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

Charles Kingsley.

THE SANDS O' DEE.

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee!"
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land:
And never home came she.

"Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress o' golden hair,
O' drownèd maiden's hair—
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so far,
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam—
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam—
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands o' Dee.

Charles Kingsley.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

"WHY weep ye by the tide, Ladye?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride:
And ye sall be his bride, ladye,
Sae comely to be seen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen'—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you the foremost o' them a,'
Shall ride our forest queen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmered fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.

They sought her baith by bower and ha'
The ladye was not seen!
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

Walter Scott.

PEACE.

My soul, there is a country,
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentry,
All skilful in the wars.
There above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend,
And (O my soul, awake!)
Did in pure love descend
To die here for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress and thy ease.
Leave, then, thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But One who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy Cure.

Henry Vaughan.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door.
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore:
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore:
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating

"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door:
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door:—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore:"
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.

"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore;
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore:
'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door,
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door:
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,—
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore:
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;

For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as " Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered, not a feather then he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered,—" Other friends have flown before;
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, " Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
" Doubtless," said I, " what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore;
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of ' Never—nevermore.' "

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking

Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore,
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,

Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore:
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore?"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore:
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting:
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor:
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

Edgar Allen Poe.

AHAB MOHAMMED.

A PEASANT stood before a king and said,
"My children starve, I come to thee for bread."
On cushions soft and silken sat enthroned
The king, and looked on him that prayed and moaned,
Who cried again,—"For bread I come to thee."
For grief, like wine, the tongue will render free.
Then said the prince with simple truth, "Behold
I sit on cushions silken-soft, of gold
And wrought with skill the vessels which they bring
To fitly grace the banquet of a king.
But at my gate the Mede triumphant beats,
And die for food my people in the streets.
Yet no good father hears his child complain
And gives him stones for bread, for alms disdain.
Come, thou and I will sup together—come."
The wondering courtiers saw—saw and were dumb:
Then followed with their eyes where Ahab led
With grace the humble guest, amazed, to share his bread.
Him half abashed the royal host withdrew
Into a room, the curtained doorway through.
Silent behind the folds of purple closed,
In marble life the statues stood disposed;

From the high ceiling, perfume breathing, hung
Lamps rich, pomegranate-shaped, and golden-swung.
Gorgeous the board with massive metal shone,
Gorgeous with gems arose in front a throne:
These through the Orient lattice saw the sun.
If gold there was, of meat and bread was none
Save one small loaf; this stretched his hand and took
Ahab Mohammed, prayed to God, and broke:
One half his yearning nature bid him crave,
The other gladly to his guest he gave.
"I have no more to give," he cheerly said:
"With thee I share my only loaf of bread."
Humbly the stranger took the offered crumb
Yet ate not of it, standing meek and dumb;
Then lifts his eyes,—the wondering Ahab saw
His rags fall from him as the snow in thaw.
Resplendent, blue, those orbs upon him turned;
All Ahab's soul within him throbbed and burned.

"Ahab Mohammed," spoke the vision then,
"From this thou shalt be blessed among men.
Go forth—thy gates the Mede bewildered flees,
And Allah thank thy people on their knees.
He who gives somewhat does a worthy deed,
Of him the recording angel shall take heed,
But he that halves all that his house doth hold,
His deeds are more to God, yea, more than finest gold."

James Matthews Legarè.

DIRGE FOR ONE WHO FELL IN BATTLE.

ROOM for a soldier! lay him in the clover;
He loved the fields, and they shall be his cover;
Make his mound with hers who called him once her lover:
Where the rain may rain upon it,
Where the sun may shine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the bee will dine upon it.

Bear him to no dismal tomb under city churches;
Take him to the fragrant fields, by the silver birches,
Where the whip-poor-will shall mourn, where the oriole perches:
Make his mound with sunshine on it,
Where the bee will dine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the rain will rain upon it.

Busy as the bee was he, and his rest should be the clover;
Gentle as the lamb was he, and the fern should be his cover;
Fern and rosemary shall grow my soldier's pillow over:
Where the rain may rain upon it,
Where the sun may shine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the bee will dine upon it.

Sunshine in his heart, the rain would come full often
Out of those tender eyes which evermore did soften:
He never could look cold till we saw him in his coffin.
Make his mound with sunshine on it,
Plant the lordly pine upon it,
Where the moon may stream upon it,
And memory shall dream upon it.

"Captain or Colonel,"—whatever invocation
Suit our hymn the best, no matter for thy station,—
On thy grave the rain shall fall from the eyes of a mighty nation.
Long as the sun doth shine upon it
Shall glow the goodly pine upon it,
Long as the stars do gleam upon it
Shall memory come to dream upon it.

Thomas William Parsons.

THE KEARSARGE.*

In the gloomy ocean bed
Dwelt a formless thing, and said,
In the dim and countless eons long ago
"I will build a stronghold high,
Ocean's power to defy,
And the pride of haughty man to lay low."

Crept the minutes for the sad,
Sped the cycles for the glad,
But the march of time was neither less nor more;
While the formless atom died,
Myriad millions by its side,
And above them slowly lifted Roncador.

* By kind permission of author.

Rancador of Caribee,
Coral dragon of the sea,
Ever sleeping with his teeth below the wave;
Woe to him who breaks the sleep!
Woe to them who sail the deep!
Woe to ship and man that fear a shipman's grave!

Hither many a galleon old,
Heavy-keeled with guilty gold,
Fled before the hardy rover smiting sore;
But the sleeper silent lay
Till the preyer and his prey
Brought their plunder and their bones to Roncador.

Be content, O conqueror!
Now our bravest ship of war,
War and tempest who had often braved before,
All her storied prowess past,
Strikes her glorious flag at last
To the formless thing that builded Roncador.

James Jeffrey Roche.

THE BELLS.

I.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!

While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinabulation that so musically swells
From the bells, bells bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
Slow they ring out their delight!—
From the molten golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells
How it dwells
On the Future; how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III.

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror now, their turbulency tells;
In the startled air of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In the clamourous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In the mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire.
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavour
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon,
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their tenor tells
Of Despair!
How they clang and crash and roar!
What a horror they out pour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the air it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the air distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—

Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangour of the bells!

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their melody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone.
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in the rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human
They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls.
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan from the bells!
And he dances and he yells;

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

Edgar Allan Poe.

EACH AND ALL.

LITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent,
All are needed by each one—
Nothing is fair or good alone.
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;

I brought him home, in his nest, at even.
He sings the song, but it pleases not now;
For I did not bring home the river and sky:
He sang to my ear—they sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam—
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed;
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;
The gay enchantment was undone—
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat—
I leave it behind with the games of youth."
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-ripe curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;

Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I hear,
The rolling river, the morning bird;
Beauty through my senses stole—
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

TRUE NOBILITY.

WHAT is noble? To inherit
Wealth, estate, and proud degree?
There must be some other merit
Higher yet than these for me.
Something greater far must enter
Into life's majestic span,
Fitted to create and centre
True nobility in man.

What is noble? 'Tis the finer
Portion of our mind and heart,
Linked to something still diviner
Than mere language can impart;
Ever prompting, ever seeing
Some improvement yet to plan;
To uplift our fellow-being,
And, like man, to *feel* for man

What is noble? Is the sabre
Nobler than the humble spade?
There's a dignity in labor,
Truer than e'er pomp arrayed!

He who seeks the mind's improvement
  Aids the world in aiding mind;
Every great commanding movement
  Serves not one, but *all mankind.*

O'er the forge's heat and ashes,
  O'er the engine's iron head,
Where the rapid shuttle flashes,
  And the spindle whirls its thread,
There is labor lowly tending
  Each requirement of the hour;
There is genius still extending
  Science and its world of power.

Mid the dust and speed and clamour
  Of the loom-shed and the mill;
Midst the clink of wheel and hammer,
  Great results are growing still.
Though, too oft, by Fashion's creatures,
  Work and workers may be blamed,
Commerce need not hide its features,
  Industry is not ashamed.

What is noble? That which places
  Truth in its enfranchised will;
Leaving steps like angel traces,
  That mankind may follow still.
E'en though Scorn's malignant glances
  Prove him poorest of his clan,
He's the noble who advances
  Freedom and the *cause of man!*

Charles Swain.

MORNING.

HASTE thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathèd smiles.
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe;
And in the right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and hie with thee,
In unreprovèd pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatter the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before.

John Milton.

EVENING.

O<sc>h</sc>, Hesperus! thou bringest all good things—
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'er-laboured steer!
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gathered round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay;
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
Ah, surely nothing dies but something mourns!

George Gordon Byron.

PLEASANT THINGS.

—'T<sc>is</sc> sweet to hear
At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellowed, o'er the waters sweep;
'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;
'Tis sweet to listen as the night winds creep
From leaf to leaf, 'tis sweet to view on high
The rainbow, bared on ocean, span the sky.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch dog's honest bark,
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come;
'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,
Or lull'd by falling waters; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the songs of birds,
The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

George Gordon Byron.

UNDER THE STARS.*

TELL *me what sail the seas*
Under the stars?
Ships, and ships' companies,
Off to the wars.

Steel are the ship's great sides,
Steel are her guns,
Backward she thrusts the tides,
Swiftly she runs;

Steel is the sailor's heart,
Stalwart his arm,
His the Republic's part
Through cloud and storm.

Tell me what standard rare
Streams from the spars?
Red stripes and white they bear,
Blue, with bright stars:

* By permission of Wallace Rice.

Red for brave hearts that burn
With liberty,
White for the peace they earn
Making men free,

Stars for the Heaven above,—
Blue for the deep,
Where, in their country's love,
Heroes shall sleep.

Tell me why on the breeze
These banners blow?
Ships, and ships' companies,
Eagerly go.

Warring, like all our line,
Freedom to friend
Under this starry sign,
True to the end.

Fair is the Flag's renown,
Sacred her scars,
Sweet the death she shall crown
Under the stars.

Wallace Rice.

FROM "THE UNKNOWN EROS."

The Toys.

My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobeyed
I struck him, and dismissed

With hard words and unkissed,
His Mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-veined stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful
art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I prayed
To God, I wept, and said:
Ah, when at last we lie with trancèd breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I whom thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave thy wrath, and say,
"I will be sorry for their childishness."

Coventry Patmore.

THANATOPSIS.*

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice: Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements—
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

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Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good—
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between—
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's grey and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave

Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years—matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the grey-headed man,—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

William Cullen Bryant.

ENGLAND.

THIS royal throne of Kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.

William Shakespeare.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars—
Peace brooded o'er the hush'd domain:
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night!
The senator of haughty Rome,
Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home;
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago?

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable-door
Across his path. He passed—for naught
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars, his only thought—
The air how calm, and cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

Oh, strange indifference! low and high
  Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still—but knew not why
  The world was listening, unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
  One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment, none would heed,
  Man's doom was linked no more to sever—
    In the solemn midnight
      Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!
  A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
  The darkness—charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no shame had worn,
  To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
  The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
    In the solemn midnight,
      Centuries ago!

Alfred Dommett.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
  The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
  That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
  Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
  The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din, and shout, are past;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps this great plateau,
Flushed with triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or death."

Long has the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,
Such odds his strength could hide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of its beloved band
The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their fathers' gore
His first-born laurels grew;
And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain—
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldering slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height,
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from War his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field;
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunlight of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

Theodore O'Hara.

CAROLINA.*

I.

THE despot treads thy sacred sands,
Thy pines give shelter to his bands,
Thy sons stand by with idle hands,
Carolina!

He breathes at ease thy airs of balm,
He scorns the lances of thy palm;
Oh! who shall break thy craven calm,
Carolina!

Thy ancient fame is growing dim,
A spot is on thy garment's rim;
Give to the winds thy battle hymn,
Carolina!

II.

Call on thy children of the hill,
Wake swamp and river, coast and rill,
Rouse all thy strength and all thy skill,
Carolina!

Cite wealth and science, trade and art,
Touch with thy fire the cautious mart,
And pour thee through the people's heart,
Carolina!

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Till even the coward spurns his fears,
And all thy fields and fens and meres
Shall bristle like thy palm with spears,
Carolina!

III.

Hold up the glories of thy dead;
Say how thy elder children bled,
And point to Eutaw's battle-bed,
Carolina!

Tell how the patriot's soul was tried,
And what his dauntless breast defied;
How Rutledge ruled and Laurens died,
Carolina!

Cry! till thy summons, heard at last,
Shall fall like Marion's bugle-blast
Re-echoed from the haunted Past,
Carolina!

IV.

I hear a murmur as of waves
That grope their way through sunless caves,
Like bodies struggling in their graves,
Carolina!

And now it deepened; slow and grand
It swells, as, rolling to the land,
An ocean broke upon thy strand,
Carolina!

Shout! let it reach the startled Huns!
And roar with all thy festal guns!
It is the answer of thy sons,
Carolina!

v.

They will not wait to hear thee call;
From Sachem's Head to Sumter's wall
Resounds the voice of hut and hall,
Carolina!

No! thou hast not a stain, they say,
Or none save what the battle-day
Shall wash in seas of blood away,
Carolina!

Thy skirts indeed the foe may part,
Thy robe be pierced with sword and dart,
They shall not touch thy noble heart,
Carolina!

vi.

Ere thou shalt own the tyrant's thrall
Ten times ten thousand men must fall;
Thy corpse may hearken to his call,
Carolina!

When, by thy bier, in mournful throngs
The woman chant thy mortal wrongs,
'Twill be their own funereal songs,
Carolina!

From thy dead breast by ruffians trod
No helpless child shall look to God;
All shall be safe beneath thy sod,
Carolina!

Henry Timrod.

DOROTHY.*

SHE came, she went; what time between
Breathes softly, like a prayer;
Far too austere our earth has been
For one so gently fair.

Her eyes were wistful, and thereon
The depths of Heaven shone clear;
Her spirit more than love has won,
Than life more fondly dear.

In little joys she passed her hours,
Brief pleasure, briefer pain,
With trees about, and birds, and flowers,
Till she went home again.

O Love, whom blossoms filled with glee,
When laughing in thy hand,
Didst thou awake beyond to be
His flower, and understand?

Wallace Rice.

* By kind permission of author.

THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

THE royal feast was done; the King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer."

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "Oh Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool:
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung!
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung!

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

Edward Rowland Sill.

SWEET CLOVER.*

WITHIN what weeks the melilot
Gives forth its fragrance, I, a lad,
Or never knew or quite forgot,
Save that 't was when the year is glad.

Now know I that in bright July
It blossoms; and the perfume fine
Brings back my boyhood, until I
Am steeped in memory as with wine.

* By kind permission of author.

Now know I that the whole year long,
Though Winter chills or Summer cheers,
It writes along the weeks in song,
Even as my youth sings through my years.

Wallace Rice.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true acount, lest he returning chide—
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask; but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

John Milton.

SPAIN'S LAST ARMADA.*

They fling their flags upon the morn,
Their safety's held a thing for scorn,
As to the fray the Spaniards on the wings of war are borne;
Their sullen smoke-clouds writhe and reel,
And sullen are their ships of steel,
All ready, cannon, lanyards, from the fighting-tops to keel.

*By kind permission of author.

They cast upon the golden air
One glancing, helpless, hopeless prayer,
To ask that swift and thorough be the victory falling there;
Then giants with a cheer and sigh
Burst forth to battle and to die
Beneath the walls of Morro on that morning in July.

The *Teresa* heads the haughty train,
To bear the admiral of Spain,
She rushes, hurtling, whitening, like the summer hurricane;
El Moro glowers in his might;
Socapa crimsons with the fight;
The *Oquendo's* lungeing lightning blazes through her sombre night.

In desperate and eager dash
The *Viscaya* hurls her vivid flash,
As wild upon the waters her enormous batteries crash;
Like spindrift scuds the fleet *Colon,*
And, on her bubbling wake bestrown,
Lurch, hungry for the slaughter, *El Furor* and *El Pluton.*

Round Santiago's armoured crest,
Serene, in their grey valor dressed,
Our behemoths lie quiet, watching well from south and west;
Their keen eyes spy the harbor-reek;
The signals dance, the signals speak;
Then breaks the blasting riot as our broadsides storm and shriek!

Quick, poising on her eagle wings,
The *Brooklyn* into battle swings;
The wide sea falls and wonders as the Titan *Texas* springs;
The *Iowa* in monster leaps
Goes bellowing above the deeps;
The *Indiana* thunders as her terror onward sweeps;

And, hovering near and hovering low
Until the moment strikes to go,
In gallantry the *Gloucester* swoops down on her double foe;
She volleys—the *Furor* falls lame;
Again and the *Pluton* 's aflame;
Hurrah, on high she's tossed her! Gone the grim destroyer's fame!

And louder yet and louder roar
The *Oregon's* black cannon o'er
The clangour and the booming all along the Cuban shore.
She's swifting down her valkyr-path,
Her sword sharp for the aftermath,
With levin in her glooming, like Jehovah in His wrath.

Great ensigns snap and shine in air
Above the furious onslaught where
Our sailors cheer the battle, danger but a thing to dare;
Our gunners speed, as oft they've sped,
Their hail of shrilling, shattering lead,
Swift-sure our rifles rattle, and the foeman's decks are red.

Like baying bloodhounds lope our ships,
Adrip with fire their cannon's lips;
We scourge the fleeing Spanish, whistling weals from scorpion-whips;
Till, livid in the ghastly glare,
They tremble on in dread despair,
And thoughts of victory vanish in the carnage they must bear.

Where Cuban coasts in beauty bloom,
Where Cuban breakers swirl and boom,
The *Teresa's* onset slackens in a scarlet spray of doom;
Near Nimanima's greening hill
The streaming flames cry down her will,
Her vast hull blows and blackens, prey to every mortal will.

On Juan Gonzalez' foaming strand
The *Oquendo* plunges 'neath our hand,
Her armaments all strangled, and her hope a showering brand;
She strikes and grinds upon the reef,
And, shuddering there in utter grief,
In misery and mangled, wastes away beside her chief.

The *Viscaya* nevermore shall ride
From out Aserradero's tide,
With hate upon her forehead ne'er again she'll pass in pride;
Beneath our fearful battle-spell
She moaned and struggled, flared and fell,
To lie agleam and horrid, while the piling fires swell.

Thence from the wreck of Spain alone
Tears on the terrified *Colon*
In bitter anguish crying, like a storm-bird forth she's flown;
Her throbbing engines creak and thrum;
She sees abeam the *Brooklyn* come,
For life she's gasping, flying! for the combat is she dumb.

Till then the man behind the gun
Had wrought whatever must be done—
Here, now, beside our boilers in the fight fought out and won;
Where great machines pulse on and beat,
A-swelter in the humming heat
The Nation's nameless toilers make her mastery complete.

The Cape o' the Cross casts out a stone
Against the course of the *Colon,*
Despairing and inglorious on the wind her white flag's thrown;
Spain's last Armada, lost and wan,
Lies where Tarquino's stream rolls on,
As round the world, victorious, looms the dreadnaught *Oregon.*

The sparkling daybeams softly flow
To glint the twilight afterglow,
The banner sinks in splendour that in battle ne'er was low;
The music of our country's hymn
Rings out like song of seraphim;
Fond memories and tender fill the evening fair and dim;

Our huge ships ride in majesty
Unchallenged o'er the glittering sea,
Above them white stars cluster, mighty emblems of the free;
And all adown the long sea-lane
The fitful bale-fires wax and wane
To shed their lurid lustre on the empire that was Spain.

Wallace Rice.

TO THE DANDELION.

DEAR common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold!
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold—
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth!—thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas;
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease.
'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand;
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time:
Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like, warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,
His conquered Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass;
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways;
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind; of waters blue,
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap; and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long;
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he did bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam

Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

James Russell Lowell.

TO LUCASTA.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkinde,
That from the nunnerie
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde,
To warre and armes I flee.

True, a new mistresse now I chase—
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith imbrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you, too, should adore;
I could not love thee, deare, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

Richard Lovelace.

TO ALTHEA—FROM PRISON.

WHEN Love, with unconfinèd wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered to her eye—
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When health and draughts go free—
Fishes, that tipple in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be—
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free—
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

Richard Lovelace.

THE SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE.*

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried *Abide, Abide,*
The wilful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurels turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said, *Stay.*
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed, *Abide, Abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,

* From "Poems of Sidney Lanier." Copyright 1884, 1891, by Mary D. Lanier, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
—Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet, and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

Sidney Lanier.

O, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD.

O WHY should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak, and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
As the young and the old, the low and the high,
Shall crumble to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The father that mother and infant who blest,—
Each, all, are away to that dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose brow, on whose cheek, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by;
And alike from the minds of the living erased
Are the memories of mortals who loved her and praised.

The head of the king, that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest, that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,—
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,—
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers did shrink;
To the life we are clinging our fathers did cling,
But it speeds from us all like the bird on the wing.

They loved,—but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned,—but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumber will
come;
They joyed—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died,—ah! they died;—we, things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain:
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye; 'tis the draught of a breath
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud;
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

William Knox.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP,
I PRAY THEE, LORD, MY SOUL TO KEEP;
IF I SHOULD DIE BEFORE I WAKE,
I PRAY THEE, LORD, MY SOUL TO TAKE.
AND THIS I ASK FOR JESUS' SAKE. AMEN.

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